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CARDIFF.

NOTES: PICTURESQUE AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

By J. CYRIL FLETCHER.

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By J. KYRLE FLETCHER.

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DEDICATION.

To my Wife and Boys.

To you three I dedicate these notes on the City of Cardiff. To my Wife in memory of the happy days we two have spent there. To my boys, because it is an attempt to record something of the history and the associations of the Capital of your Mother Land.

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PREFACE.

THESE notes on the history, scenery and biography of the City of Cardiff, are written by one who is neither a native of the City, or even a dweller on its confines; but merely a friendly observer from the rival port of Newport. Still, I have pleasant memories of days spent in Cardiff, when with more youthful steps I trod its streets, and wandered in its pleasant by-ways.

For the sake of those happy days I have a genuine affection for Cardiff, and as I have so many friends living there, I feel that I can write with some knowledge, and certainly with some feeling of this City which I believe is destined in the near future to be even greater than it is to-day. These are days of change, and the old landmarks are soon blotted out; so these notes may serve to remind some reader of a place or person already half forgotten, and yet worthy of remembrance. If I have accomplished this I shall have done all I set out to do.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
1.	Introductory - - -	1
2.	The Street of St. Mary -	9
3.	The Church of St. John -	17
4.	The Castle - - -	26
5.	Crockherbtown - -	36
6.	Cathays Park - - -	43
7.	Llandaff - - -	52
8.	The Bute Road - -	62
9.	The Docks - - -	71
10.	Bohemian Cardiff - -	79
11.	More Bohemians - -	86
12.	Old Manners and Customs -	96
13.	The Outer Ring - -	107
14.	Suburban Cardiff - -	118

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

from Original Drawings by B. T. A. Griffiths.

The Treasure Hunter - *Frontispiece.*

A Brawl in St. Mary Street *facing Chap. II.*

Ifor Bach Storming Cardiff Castle *facing Chap. IV.*

Old Betsy's Cwrw Bach - ,, *Chap. VI.*

Going to Cardiff Market ,, *Chap. VIII.*

Returning from The Funeral ,, *Chap. X.*

THE TREASURE HUNTER.

[*See Chap.* 12].

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

I was in the City of Gloucester, on a hot June afternoon, and, having half an hour to wait while changing trains, I strolled down to the Northgate Street. Thinking of the long and weary journey before me I turned to a book shop for something to read. It is folly to go into a bookshop in a hurry, with the thought of the time of the train in the back of your mind, for here you want to browse and nibble quietly, with no thought of time. So I took the first book I saw with a familiar author's name, and passed out quickly and back to the station. Seated in the slow train to Cardiff (that is the name the Railway Company call it by) I opened my book; it was Robert Louis Stevenson's "Edinburgh." When I had finished the book, which I read through at a sitting with a fiery glow of enjoyment, the thought came quickly to my mind—why has not the story of Cardiff been told? Why are the tales and fancies which have made up her past, and which have shaped her present, allowed to be forgotten? So from that slow

railway journey these lines took their shape and meaning.

The ancient town and modern City of Cardiff, the premier city of the Principality of Wales, lies wide-spread in the level valley of the Taff River, a mile above its junction with the Severn Sea; or rather did in its early walled days, for now the city spreads out from the river mouth away to the distant Penylan Hill and secluded Llandaff.

To come into Cardiff by the main Great Western Line is like going to the back door of a house. For a long mile on either side of the line, beyond the waiting rows of coal trucks, are to be seen the back yards of squalid houses with the family washing bravely flapping on clothes lines, with occasional peeps into the squalor of Adamsdown and the East Dock neighbourhood. So that the visitor has a deep impression of the seamy side of the City before having even one glimpse at one of the fairest cities of the Isle of Britain. To get the right and fair impression of the Capital of Wales, the traveller should come by the road from Newport, either by motor or by the char-a-banc which hourly plies between Newport and Cardiff. The charm of village scenery on the way will have set the mind in a humour to enjoy that prospect of the City from

Rumney Hill. There the whole panorama of the City lies before you. The long perspective of the Newport Road, is lost in the groves of trees round Roath Court ; beyond that, the glittering dome and pointed clock tower of the City Hall, the slender Gothic lines of the tower of St. John's Church and the grey battlemented towers of Cardiff Castle. To the left, the forest of masts and funnels of the world-famed docks, with a reek of smoke going up from iron works and copper works, give to the scene that air of life and animation which belongs to a great commercial centre. Beyond the docks stands the church-crowned cliff of Penarth Head, and you get a glimpse of the Bristol Channel, with tiny ships that from the distance look like toys, and which are the tramp steamers that take the rich steam coals from the hills of Glamorgan to the distant parts of the world. If the day is clear, you may see beyond the castle and the spires which form the centre of the wide landscape, the twin Garth Mountains standing like sentinels at the entrance to the coal-bearing regions, and on the right, below the villas which peep from fair gardens on the slopes of Penylan, catch glimpses of Roath Park, the largest of Cardiff's verdant breathing places.

This road from which we look is the famous Via Julia, the Roman Way, built by the great

master builders, who for three hundred years held the island in bondage, and changed its face from trackless woods and plains to a land of broad roads and stone-built forts.

What an endless procession of people have passed this way since the sandal of the Roman soldier, in his brazen armour, first led the way! The Norman Adventurers, under their keen, strong leader, FitzHamon; the monks and pilgrims in procession, journeying to the shrine of distant St. David's; the Bishops of Llandaff, with their armed train of followers, passing from the Bishop's Palace at Llan-Cadwalader, near Newport, to the Cathedral at Llandaff. Norman Kings pass on with knights and pages to sign treaties with wild Welsh chieftains; or Owen Glyndwr comes up the hill, leaving Cardiff in smoking ruins behind him. Welsh squires, with their stout men-at-arms, have come up this way, too, to meet Harry Tudor and fight 'neath his Dragon Standard at Bosworth. King Charles, with his Cavaliers, has ridden down this same road in a vain endeavour to make peace with the turbulent men of Glamorgan; and the great General Cromwell rode down the hill, with a thunder of hoofs from those heavy-armed Ironsides, riding against time to crush the rising in West Wales.

One of the first questions people are fond of asking is, "What is the climate of the city?" The outspoken reply would be "moist," or "very wet," because the strong Sou-west wind which so often blows up the Channel, brings the rain drenching into the valley of the Taff. But it is not a cold, chill rain; it is warmed from the Atlantic, and is clean and invigorating. But after many days we sometimes weary of it and sigh for clear skies. Then, on a day, the change will come suddenly, and May or June in Cardiff is a season of delight, when birds sing in the trees which adorn many of the roads, and the sweet scents of lilac and hawthorn fill the air.

It is pleasant then to get away to some point of vantage, and, in the evening, from the high slope by Llandough Church, watch the daylight fading away. Then, one by one, the winking lights gleam out, till the docks and the yards round the docks lose their familiar aspect and look like a fairy garden. The only reminder of the busy life down below is the constant hooting of many steamers which, at change of tide, move into the coaling berths, or pass out to twinkle for a while in the broads at the mouth of the river, and then proceed round Penarth Head, outward bound.

The contrast of the place with the life and toil below are startling. In the lane by the old Church you may meet some village gossips, and, lingering by the farmyard beyond, you may hear the milkmaid calling home the cows in a strange language. She stands at the open gate, a typical girl of Glamorgan, with plump figure, brown hair, and laughing brown eyes; she looks across the long meadow and calls "Dere! Dere!" and the cows come slowly lowing into the foldyard. Then you are suddenly reminded that you are in Wales. You may have passed through the streets of Cardiff by day for a week and hardly heard one word of Welsh, unless you happen to mingle with a crowd of colliers by the Taff Station, for Cardiff has a veneer of English thought and speech, below which Cardiff is intensely Welsh, ardent, patriotic.

I well remember that I had lived in Cardiff a whole month before I heard the speech of Old Wales, and that is the most interesting thing about this old language which so many people are striving to keep alive. Here, on the hillside, within sight and sound of this very modern city, the milkmaid still calls home the cows in the language which the soldiers of Julius Cæsar must have heard on the same spot. Old Rome has gone, its glories

are past, but the beautiful language of these Western folk still remains, unchanged after a thousand years.

The question is sometimes asked, " What is the good of it all ? " Of what practical good in this commercial age is the preservation of the Welsh Language ? What has it ever done to deserve such efforts to keep it alive ? All of which sounds convincing on the surface, till we remember the undying literature of Wales. Those who have been privileged to gain even a smattering knowledge of the written language, must confess to its beauties of expression and subtle meaning. It was an old Bishop of Llandaff who is mainly responsible for the preservation of the language ; for if Bishop Morgan had not translated the Bible into Welsh, during the reign of Elizabeth, it would most surely have died out as the language of religion.

The world still waits for a genius who shall translate into other languages the matchless beauties of Dafydd ap Gwilym, the master poet of old Wales, and the greatest nature poet of all time.

This old language has helped to mould and shape the thought and character of the people. Poet and preacher have kept it alive. It has

played its full part in the storms of Welsh politics; and the man with the golden speech of Old Mother Wales on his tongue has been able to hold and thrill thousands of toilers from the hills of Wales. Yet many of these men are the descendants of Englishmen who came into the hills, over a hundred years ago, during the period of the birth of Welsh industry. The man who would seek to make Cardiff an English City is missing the point. They dream in Cardiff of their city as the Metropolis of Wales, and in this, strangely enough, all parties and creeds are united. The Tory and Radical Press both make a special appeal to be Welsh and to be national, and the dividing line between chapel and church, which has been the curse of Wales for generations, wears very thin when they come together to work for the future of Wales and its chief city, Cardiff, at Cymrodorion or Eisteddfod.

Natives of Cardiff and dwellers in the City are justly proud of the City as the chief coaling port of the world, but they are prouder still of Cardiff as the Capital of Wales.

A Brawl in St. Mary Street in the Reign of Elizabeth.

[*See Chap.* 2.]

CHAPTER II

THE STREET OF ST. MARY.

From the Bute Monument, by the Great Western Railway Station, to the Castle, nearly half a mile away, runs a broad straight street, the widest and, historically, the most interesting street in the City of Cardiff.

It is named St. Mary's Street, after a famous old church which once stood at the Monument end, but in the year of the Great Flood, 1607, the river, which in those days ran just behind the street—whereas it now runs in its new bed two hundred yards away—bursting over with its flood water, tore down the principal church of the borough of Cardiff. But though the church has gone, the street still keeps its old name. At one point, near the Castle, it changes its name from St. Mary Street to High Street; but I'm never quite sure where High Street ends and St. Mary's Street begins, or *vice-versa*. It is a wide, windy thoroughfare, and if you want to taste the East wind in all its fulness and fierceness, you want to meet the arch-fiend in St. Mary's Street, where he'll buffet you, and play pranks with your hat if you are masculine, or your skirts if you are

old-fashioned feminine; for if you are new-fashioned feminine—well, you'll have so little skirt that the east wind will probably pass you by after giving you a stinging kiss on the cheek which will drive you into one of the numerous arcades. For just as Chester is famous for its Rows, so Cardiff is equally celebrated for its arcades, long and winding covered ways, with glass roofs, full of toy-shops and milliners, where model hats from Paris are shown to admiring crowds. And I must say this, that the Cardiff crowd is the best dressed crowd in the world. I've heard Birmingham people say that you can see all the fashions in Corporation Street, Birmingham, but the ladies of "Brumegem" must hide their diminished heads, for they are far behind the times. And, besides, one can meet with more types of feminine beauty in half an hour's walk in Cardiff than you would meet in Piccadilly and Bond Street in a week.

So this must be "some" City.

The fairest way to prove this bold challenge will be to promenade St. Mary's Street and its sister thoroughfare; and the reason is not far to find. It is because Cardiff is such a cosmopolitan centre, made up of tall, hardy folk from the Tyneside, with a solid sprinkling of Scots' folk;

Devonshire and Somerset have lent a large proportion of its population ; Ireland has added some keen business men and some very attractive ladies ; the world in general has scattered its inhabitants over the town, and underneath and over all is that lively harmonious foundation and superstructure of Welsh people. The mixture, which is very happily blended, is labelled Cardiff. And this reminds me of the Police Force, or rather, was it the sight of the stalwart policemen, resplendent in dark blue and silver, which served to remind me that the Cardiff Police Force is the finest in the world (so Cardiff people assure me). I may be forgiven if I believe it, and so will you be, for you will never meet with a finer body of men; and by their accent, one can tell that there is a large percentage of Highland Scotch and broad West-country in the Force, which forms an excellent blend. But all this is mere casual conversation, and the broad street remains to be walked from end to end. Here, by the Monument of Lord Bute, the grandfather of the present peer, let us make our start.

This Lord Bute has a full right to stand here and look up the street at his Castle entrance, for he was the maker of modern Cardiff. He saw its possibilities even in those early days, when the coal came down the canal in barges to a tiny basin

at the mouth of the Taff, and he poured his wealth into the scheme for building docks to meet the future trade which was to make Cardiff the chief coaling port of the world, and the port with the largest export trade.

Across, on the other side of the canal, near the Monument, is the wholesale quarter of Cardiff, which has a combined odour of onions and oranges. This was a dark quarter in the old days. It was known as Whitmore Lane, where vice and shame went boldly flaunting up and down, but the wise City Fathers of years ago swept the whole quarter away. The houses were knocked down, and in their place whole streets of warehouses were erected near the antiquated-looking Customs House.

Once upon a time St. Mary's Street was made up of the town houses of the local gentry. Lewis of the Van, Mathews of Llandaff, Basset of Beau Pré, each had their office and town residence to which they could come during the winter months. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, these local gentry were constantly fighting in a right royal manner. Then the bell-man of Cardiff would ring his bell and order all the Queen's loyal subjects to go to their homes. This was usually the signal for much window breaking, a

stab or two with a dagger, and then the sequel, a long drawn out case in the Star Chamber. But of those houses not a trace remains,—the builder has been always a busy man in Cardiff. The old Town Hall has gone ; its heavy, gloomy corridors and pillared doorway will no more echo to the tread of the Sheriff's stout javelin men. No rosy judge goes by to the criminal court to try the evil-doers of the town and country ; no longer do jolly-looking barristers hang round the entrance to the Civil Courts telling the latest joke picked up on the South Wales Circuit. No more do stout Aldermen and equally stout Councillors turn this way to seek the rest and creature comforts of the Mayor's parlour. No more Police Court squabbles are settled there, for all has changed, and to-day a high imposing building proclaims to all and sundry, by its shining brass plates, that this is the home of the Wholesale Co-operative Society.

Near here was at one time the office of Wm. Morgan, of Coed-y-Gorres, lawyer and under-sheriff, and here his kinsman, David Morgan, worked as a clerk before he turned his steps to London and became a barrister of the Inner Temple ; then, when, in those far-off Jacobite days, the '45 came round, David Morgan left his home near Cardiff to join Bonnie Prince Charlie

at Manchester. He became the Prince's secretary, and was one of those who urged him to march on to London, but the cautious policy of retreat to Scotland prevailed, and David Morgan in disgust left the Pretender's Army, saying, with prophetic wisdom, that he would sooner hang in England than starve to death in Scotland.

In 1746, on Kennington Oval, he was hanged, drawn and quartered as a rebel in arms. He died gallantly as a true Welsh gentleman, believing that he gave his life for a good cause. So here's to his memory ; may we never lack for men to join the forlorn hope.

Beyond, in the centre of the High Street, stood that quaint structure, the Market House, with Court House above. This was a relic of the early days, and has been swept away many years. The little chapel which stood near it had gone before. It was here on this spot, in the intolerant days of Queen Mary Tudor, that Rawlins White, a simple fisherman, a native of Cardiff, was done to death—burnt at the stake by the fanatics who hoped to revive the old religion by such cruel deeds.

And I think it would be on the same spot that Father Evans, a Jesuit Priest, was also martyred by the rival fanatics who tried to kill the old religion by bloody deeds. It has taken us long

years to learn the lesson of tolerance, Catholic Martyr and Protestant Martyr each dying the heroic death for the faith he believed to be the true one. Yes, Cardiff had a Puritan Martyr, too, one Christopher Love, a Puritan preacher, who dared to raise his voice against the growing power of Oliver Cromwell, and he ended his brief life on the scaffold—not here in Cardiff, but in the City of London.

There is a fine big Market Hall on the right-hand side, and huge Drapery Emporiums, with real Welsh names over the doors, proving to the world that the Welshman is clever as a business-man, whether he sells drapery, milk or tin plates. Yes, he belongs to a keen race, and here in his Capital he deserves to prosper. You know as well as I do, that no one ever got on in the world without exciting some spark of jealousy in the hearts of his neighbours. So it is with Cardiff. There are rival towns on either side, and sometimes Swansea thinks, and Newport is sure, that every cause which is supported by Cardiff is just meant to be one great advertisement for CARDIFF. Well, as this is a business city, run on keen business lines, personally, I think, they are entitled to use all legitimate means of making the City known farther and wider, for I'm sure that Newport or Swansea, under the same circumstances, would

follow the self-same policy, if they were wise. There is nothing like success to make the neighbours talk. Well, a Cardiff man might say, let them talk, it is all advertisement. Talking of advertisement reminds me that St. Mary's Street is the centre of newspaper activities in Cardiff. By the Bute Monument is the chief office of the "Western Mail," founded for Lord Bute by that excellent journalist the late Mr. Lascelles Carr. Cardiff people are very proud of the "Mail"—it represents the progressive spirit of the city. Its well-known cartoonist, Mr. J. M. Staniforth, has made merry a long generation of Welsh folk, and the genial editor, Mr. Willie Davies, is a past-master at stating the facts of the day from the Welsh "point of view," and quite independent of Party Politics. Farther down the street, on the same side, are the offices of the "South Wales News," still owned and carried on by the Duncan Family, who founded the paper in mid-Victorian days. This is the Radical Press; the keen but courtly rival to the "Western Mail." Pressmen must have changed since Dickens wrote his "Pickwick Papers," for I can't, in my wildest dreams, imagine an encounter between Mr. Read of the "South Wales News," and Mr. Willie Davies of the "Western Mail." Shall we say they fight their battles on a higher plane?

But these two rival newspapers, each with a huge circulation all over Wales, both loudly advocate the claims and advantages of the City of Cardiff from this, our local Fleet Street. May they be so engaged in friendly rivalry for many years to come. New parties are rising in Imperial politics, but so long as Cardiff has dreams of greatness, may she still have these friendly rivals to champion her cause, and to throw down the gauntlet to all who are so blind that they fail to recognise the greatness of this City.

CHAPTER III

THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN.

St. John's Church is the most beautiful old Church in the whole of South Wales. Its tall tower, with delicate perpendicular tracery, is a land mark from far away, but the Church does not stand well for general inspection.

The best way to view the Church is to look down Church Street from St. Mary's Street. According to the old 16th century map of Cardiff, the Church of St. Mary was at least twice as large as this Church of St. John, but since the

destruction of old St. Mary's, St. John's Church has become the premier church of the town.

The fine tower of the Church is said by historians to have been the gift of the Countess of Warwick. It is a type usually found in the West of England. The principal church at Taunton is a sister church in style of building, evidently designed by the same Architect. It is a pity we so seldom know the names of the artists who designed these true English temples of worship.

There is something exquisitely soothing to the mind to enter one of these busy churches. The mind instantly turns to the thought of the generations of worshippers. The sight of the outward reverence in the crowded congregation, the organ notes pealing out through the sculptured building, the sweet voices of the singers; all these help to turn even the most casual visitor to a real spirit of worship. On the walls are carved monuments to some of the Herbert Family, who were Stewards of the Castle during the great Civil War. One of them fell at Edgehill fighting for the King.

Many an old Cardiffian had a deep love for this old Church. I have seen the wills of old inhabitants of Cardiff in which they request

that their bodies may lie *within the spikes* in St. John's Church. This curious expression is easily explained when we remember that the old communion rails were formed like a row of gilded spikes, and that to lie within the spikes was to rest close to the Altar.

This being the chief parish Church, it is the one to which the judges come when they visit Cardiff on circuit. Then for an hour the Church is resplendent as of old with touches of vivid colour. The Mayor, in his robes of black and gold, the scarlet-robed Judges, with white wigs, the Recorder of the City in robe and wig, the High Sheriff and his bodyguard, the Mace-bearers with the silver maces, and all the pomp with which the administration of the law in the Island of Britain is accompanied.

Cynics may call it a waste of time, but it is a fine thought that the administration of our law should first receive a blessing from that Great Power—the Supreme Law Giver.

This is a favourite Church for marriages, and there is a glad feeling in the air when those sweet-toned bells in the high clock tower peal out their merry notes. Even the dull-looking cab horses in waiting outside prick up their white-cased ears, seem to grow restless and to

want to prance to the merry music. Then out from under the dark, cool archway comes the bride and bridegroom through a line of admiring friends. Yes, it is a happy hour, one to be remembered; for too often our lives are very drab, and the bright hours when the bells ring and friends wish us years of happiness come but seldom to most of us. Not that I mean that many of us want to be married many times in one life; but we all long for the brightness that comes with the ringing of bells.

And those bells have rung many changes. How often they have tolled out the passing year. How often they must have rung a muffled peal for the passing of the Sovereign; yes, and how often they must have rung out in trumpets to tell the passer by "There is victory in the land." May they, in these days, ring in a lasting world-peace after the years of sorrow and warfare.

The Church stands as an island with streets all round it. On the far side it fronts on to St. John's Square, where once stood the Old Vicarage House, which was swept away when the roads were widened, but is still remembered by a few old people; and in the best parlour of many a Cardiff house there hangs the engraving of the old Vicarage sheltering under the high walls of the Church.

The grave-yard on the other side of the Church is a fair spot, railed round with a neat iron railing. A foot-path to the Market passes through the centre; the turf is well trimmed, the shrubs bright, giving to this last resting place an air of cheerfulness not usual to a grave-yard. All day long on either side, and through the central path, passes a constant stream of busy folk.

From the wide open space, The Hayes, situated a little to the East, one can hear on market days the shrill voices of the hucksters who line the thoroughfare with their barrows. It was W. H. Davis who said to the writer when he came from a Cemetery in South Wales, "I have just been to the spot where all the good and respectable people are buried; where do they bury the ordinary folk?" By jingo! there is a lot of truth in such a remark, for our would-be friends are fond of labelling us after death with a tablet of all the virtues. One thing, however, is certain: that He who made us in our weakness, and sees the full sum of our follies and shortcomings is not deceived. He knows.

The old people of Cardiff had a great fancy for burial grounds, and certainly there is little of morbid melancholy in the thought that one might lie here in the heart of the City of his

choice, close to the Church within whose hallowed ground he and his fathers, or better still his children, have knelt to worship. There is, in fact, something soothing to a calm and thoughtful mind in the possibility of lying in such a busy place with the pulse of busy life beating so close.

There is little of the gay pageantry of the earlier days in our lives, and certainly little in our dress, but, standing in the porchway of old St. John's Church, it is easier to re-form the scenes of the past; the ladies from the Castle in rich cloth of gold, the members of the Guilds in picturesque dress, the Priests, the Acolytes and the Thurifer swinging the censer. This grey old church interior has twinkled with numberless candles and gleamed with scarlet and gold vestments, and up to the vaulted roof the incense has risen in blue spires, while the voices of the choir rose in the hymn of exaltation: "*Haec dies quam fecit Dominum.*" But as I passed St. John's Church the other afternoon, the fresh clear voices of children were singing Charles Gounod's simple beautiful hymn "There is a green hill far away." No vestments, no incense was needed to give that feeling of true worship which somehow seems to satisfy all the longing of our higher, better nature.

It is a lasting shame that history so seldom records for us the actual builder of such a splendid building as the Church of St. John. The man who designed that tower was an artist, with an eye for beauty in line and ornament. We hear much of the noble patron who, from an overflowing pocket, put down the money to pay the workmen and buy materials, and doubtless had many prayers offered up for her memory (I believe it was a lady), but the mind behind it all remains unrecorded, although any citizen with an eye for beauty may well bless the designer every time he or she pass this way *en route* for The Hayes, now a kind of open market-place, where once the townsmen met to practice with bow and arrow. Then, after the archery, there were pleasant conjourns to cosy taverns. Looking through the Cardiff Records, I note from the diary of an old townsman that he used to be able to spend a pleasant evening for the sum of 3½d. How was it done? To-day it would only pay for one cup of coffee; but those were moderate days, or stay, what is more correct, money was worth ten times its value to-day, so really it was a half-crown expenditure. The centre of The Hayes is to-day an island between the main streams of traffic, presided over by the imposing front of the Municipal Free Library.

I may be reproached for having failed to say a word about the meaning of the name "Cardiff." This, however, is a controversial subject I want to avoid. Every expert in place-names is a law unto himself, and as each has his own pet theories as to the meaning of the name Cardiff, I have endeavoured to avoid the subject. I will, however, give my own private opinion if I may, and that is, that it is a sheer case of bad spelling. You know all about the elastic laws of the spelling of our fore-fathers. I would that those gentle laws were in force once more. Oh! for the happy days when you were allowed to spell the simple English word "Spear" in six different ways, and no grim proof reader blue pencilled your proof to show his keen sense of your deep sin.

Yes, I think we have got it right at last. Some old dweller in the fort at the mouth of the Taff got weary of writing down Caerdaff, which sounded so much like Llandaff. Then he tried spelling it with an "i" (not with a "v" like Mr. Tony Weller). Result, the new fashion took on, and has clung and lasted.

I know I have forgotten all about Diddius, who some say built the fort; never mind, let it pass, we doctors often disagree and my meaning is as good as another. And, in proof of this, if

you want to see how the ancients twisted names, you have only to go as far as Newport, where the patron saint of the borough, who was known all his mortal life as Gwynllew, became, first Gunlus, and is now known as St. Woolos, which is a further example of free and easy spelling. But how did I get drawn into this argumentative question? Was it the gilded fanes on the tower of St. John's Church, or the dogmatic attitude of the statue of the late Mr. Batchelor on The Hayes? Whichever it was, I must plead guilty to thus wandering from the straight path.

That statue of Batchelor is certainly a fine piece of work, and does credit to the sculptor. The very sight of it takes one back to Victorian days—to Corn Law Agitations, and the hungry forties and fifties of the 19th century. It somehow lacks the smug self-satisfaction of modern statues of our men of mark, for there is something bold in the gesture and pose of the man which at times pulls up the passer-by, and above the blatant voice of the vendor of cheap bananas and the clang of passing tramcars, he looks up to see old Batchelor standing there, a silent witness from the days that have gone.

They were strong men those followers of Bright, Cobden, Gladstone and Beaconsfield; they

were stern fighters, but they were men. They were above the petty meannesses of our wire-pulling time, and fought for what they believed to be right with all their might. Somehow that figure, poised aloft on his pedestal, seems like a Captain on the bridge, watching, directing. He was one of the City Fathers of that yesterday which we have quite forgotten, and they placed his statue here within sound of the bells of old St. John's for some faithful service. It is a fine thought that the symbol of his time should be there as an inspiration to the City Fathers of to-day. May they also prove faithful in their day and generation.

CHAPTER IV

CARDIFF CASTLE.

There is something very Continental about the exterior of Cardiff Castle as seen from the top of High Street. The long, high, battlemented wall, the lofty clock tower with its gilded statuary, the rows of stone animals which, from the low wall in front, seem to peer across the way like a petrified Zoological Gardens, all tend to give the impression that this is a castle in

Ifor Bach and His Men Storming Cardiff Castle.

[*See Chap.* 4.]

the Tyrol, or some other Eastern European country only familiar to us from the sight of a rare engraving. The effect is heightened by the closely trimmed vine which grows against the wall. But on passing through the gateway, flanked on either side by tall towers with narrow arrow slit windows, the first impression vanishes, for across the smooth green lawn, high on a mound, rise the remains of the old Norman Keep. It is still called Iestyn's Tower, taking its name from Iestyn ap Gwrgan, the Welsh Lord of Glamorgan, who, in the time of William Rufus, called in the Normans to his aid, and found to his sorrow that he had called in a strong man who quickly drove him from his lands.

There was a castle here long before the days of Iestyn, for the Romans had built a strong fortress to command the passage of the Taff, and so held the key to West Wales.

The Roman Walls are still standing to the left of Iestyn's Tower, and we are able to marvel at their splendid masonry.

This Castle is full of historical associations. It was here that Robert Fitzhamon called together the twelve chief knights who had joined him in the expedition into Glamorgan, after he

had overthrown Iestyn ap Gwrgan, and parcelled out the lands of Glamorgan among them, keeping for himself the Castle and Manors of Cardiff, besides other rich lands in the Vale of Glamorgan. But Robert Fitzhamon did not settle down to a quiet life on his well-earned riches, for while fighting with Henry I against the French, he was severely wounded and died. It was soon after the death of Fitzhamon, who left an only daughter heiress to his huge estates, that the King, Henry I, having captured his elder brother, Duke Robert of Normandy, had him brought prisoner to Cardiff Castle, where he lived for twenty-six years at ease and in comfort, far removed from strife or discord. The King had easily disposed of his elder brother, but he seems to have had more difficulty in disposing of Fitzhamon's daughter Mabel, who was as proud and headstrong as her father.

Henry, as her guardian, had to find her a suitable husband, and tradition says he had his hands full in trying to please the lady. There was, however, one man of all the crowd of gay courtiers whom she liked, and that was William, the King's son. But though he was the King's son he was base born, and that, to the proud lady, was a seemingly impassable barrier. The King was a far-seeing diplomat; he often saw

the young people in animated conversation, and, smiling, he decided to settle the problem by argument.

He therefore strolled over to where she sat, and seating himself by her side, boldly opened the conversation. "Come, my little maid, what objection have you to William? To my mind you are a well-matched pair." "Sire," she replied, and all her keen woman's wit flashed out, "He has no name."

"You are wrong" he answered. "He shall be the Earl of Gloucester. Is not that name and title high enough even for my old friend Fitzhamon's daughter?"

"Sire, he has no name."

"There you are wrong, mistress," the King exclaimed. "His name is William FitzRoy (the King's son), and a man with such a name has the right to marry any Princess in Europe."

I think the lady was willing to be persuaded, for soon afterwards she married the Earl of Gloucester.

Whether, as fairy stories run, they lived happy ever after, I do not know, but she left an honoured name in Welsh history. She was a

great builder of churches, and found delight in good deeds.

It was in the time of the second Earl of Gloucester that Ifor Bach, of Castell Coch, came down from the mountains as the leader of the Welshmen who were in revolt against the endeavours of the Norman Lord to bring them under Norman law. Hitherto, by the truce with Fitzhamon, the Welsh Manors had kept their own Welsh laws and customs.

I rather fancy the Earl under-rated the power of the Welshmen, who came down by night with scaling ladders. Climbing the walls they captured the Earl, Countess and their son, all of whom were taken away as hostages till peace was declared, and the Welshmen kept their rights.

To this day you will find in Glamorgan adjoining manors with such names as Coety Anglia and Coety Wallia, or, again, English St. Donats and Welsh St. Donats. This means that the two manors were governed under different laws.

The old Keep, on its high mound, covered with whispering ivy, could tell many a tale of mirth and sadness if only those old walls could speak. Cardiff Castle was many times a bride's dower, and

changed hands, as its owners changed names, till at last it came into the hands of The King.

In the time of the Boy King, Edward VI, that bold fortune-hunter William, the Red Earl of Pembroke, received from the Little King a grant of all these rich lands which now form the bulk of the estate of his descendant, the Marquess of Bute.

At the time of the great Civil War, the ill-fated Castle was held by each side in turn. It was like a game of hide and seek, one party in and the other out, and so on, till the fatal year 1649, which saw the last battle in Wales fought at St. Fagans, a few miles away. The long, bitter war was ended when, on that winter morning, the White King stepped out through the window at Whitehall to the waiting block and the grim headsman. To my mind, the great hero of Cardiff Castle does not belong to any of these romantic scenes and periods. I turn back to the forties of the 19th century, to the prim days of Victoria, to find my real man at Cardiff Castle; a keen man of affairs, who saw the greatness of Cardiff as it might be. He had seen it grow from a little borough town of a few thousand inhabitants, but the great want was a dock, so that Cardiff might be made a port. He, therefore,

called in the contractors with their workmen and he parted with his money almost with the recklessness of a gambler, so many said, till the day came when the docks were opened and the ships came from distant parts. This was the beginning of the greatness of Cardiff. One thing only was wanting to fill the cup of joy of the old Marquess—"the maker of Cardiff"—and that was an heir. Happy was the day, therefore, when the news rang through the town that a son and heir to Cardiff's Marquess had been born at the Castle. It was a happy old man who received the Mayor and deputation from the town. He carried in the child to present him to the citizens, and then, feeling unwell, retired to his room and died quite suddenly. He was a captain, a right royal captain, for he was a Captain of Industry. Now you know why he stands in effigy at the end of St. Mary's Street, and ever points forward as though to greater progress.

When next you are told that they have too much bounce in Cardiff, just think of this all too brief record of Cardiff's lord. He gave them a lesson in progress. If the dock had failed, he would probably have been ruined; but he was a wise man, and he saw its possibilities.

The new wing of the Castle is a magnificent building. The late Marquess, the father of the present peer, had splendid taste, and he enriched the building with some magnificent interiors. There is an Eastern Room with Persian carved shutters and fitments, and in the Clock Tower are rooms which contain features of quite unique interest.

The Banqueting Hall, when illuminated and prepared for a Royal Visit is magnificent, but I have only seen it wrapped in dust sheets and coverings, its very dismal aspect reminding me of nothing so much as an untimely visit to a lady and finding her in curling pins and dressing gown.

The general aspect of the Castle is a square, with the buildings occupying two sides. The centre is filled with a wide lawn, on which the famous white peacocks strut to-and-fro. Before leaving you will be shown the dungeon under the gate tower where Duke Robert was confined. It may have been considered a first-class apartment in Norman times, but it is very much out of date from the modern sanitary inspector's point of view.

Within the past few months many rumours have been current concerning the future history

of Cardiff Castle. The energetic Lord Mayor has boldly tackled the question, which deeply interests most of us, but somehow the public have not responded to his spirited efforts. The idea of combining the Castle and its extensive grounds with the adjoining Cathays Park, the new municipal centre of Cardiff, is a great scheme, and one which would open up many acres of valuable land close to the heart of the City. There is a great diversity of opinion as to what should be done with the Castle if purchased, but all must agree that it would make an ideal official residence for future Lord Mayors of Cardiff.

Among the many fine rooms in the Castle, decorated to the order of the late Marquess of Bute, who certainly had a very catholic taste in art, is the Moorish Room, in the base of the Clock Tower. It is most interesting, the carvings of sandal wood and cedar are exquisite, but all very unexpected. Above this is a bedroom with carved mantelpieces and other decorations of a nature not calculated to induce refreshing sleep ; while the bath room adjoining, with inlaid lizards in the bath, is so creepy that the majority of people would prefer the simple tub.

In spite of some grotesqueness, however, there is much of interest in these State Rooms.

But the finest thing of all is the view from the top of the tower, with the City of Cardiff lying at your feet, the Taff running swiftly out to the sea by the edge of the Cardiff Arms Park; the tiny figures on the pavements curiously foreshortened, and moving to and fro like busy ants. The streets, which seemed so wide, and yet from here appear so narrow, have a strange, unreal appearance. The crowning beauty of the place, however, is the stretch of green turf which fronts the building, in the centre of which rises the great Keep, Iestyn's Tower, crowding the steps of which are the handsome white peacocks. Here they stand for hours displaying their plumage, a reminder of the vanity of all things. These steps, in other days, have rung with the eager tread of Norman soldiers and Welsh chiefs, for this was the very centre of the Norman Lord's authority in Glamorgan. Now all is quiet, the faint calling of birds, or the distant clang of a bell being the only sounds; and all the while the peacocks, emblems of vanity, preen themselves in the sunshine.

It is a strange experience to turn from the green lawn, the strutting peacocks and the ruined Keep, and to pass through the gateway into the rush and din of the modern City.

CHAPTER V

CROCKHERBTOWN.

Around Duke Street there still linger jovial memories of other days. From the Green Dragon, the Newport coach, heavily laden with slim ladies with big parcels and fat bag-men in ulsters, with big jolly faces and endless yarns of last night at the Pile Inn, started on its journey. Those were the roystering days, before the railroad divided us into classes; when the smart waitress at the Rummer Tavern handed up to the waiting thirsty passengers steamy glasses of hot grog; parson and sinner alike being warmed against that wintry journey over the Heath and up Rumney Hill. While the coachman gathered up the ribbons, the guard examined the priming of his Brown Bess and hinted to the nervous passenger by the door that Bill Llewellyn, the highwayman, had been seen round St. Mellons. Winking at the coachman looking back over his shoulder, he then blew such a blast on his long coaching horn that all the chambermaids came to the bedroom windows to see the coach start. Mothers waved fond farewells to boys,

who, gripping their boxes, tried to look brave, the while a tear ran down their healthy cheeks. Those days have gone.

Duke Street, a bottle-neck thoroughfare running from the Castle into Queen Street, is famed for its many restaurants, the smell of baked and boiled giving the hungry wayfarer a keen appetite.

Queen Street is a modern name given to an old street in honour of Queen Victoria, but I like its old name better—Crockherbtown. This was the vegetable market, the haunt of many market gardeners who lived there and had big market gardens behind their houses. At the back of the street, on the North side near the Cathays Park, was the White Friars, an old Monastery, which, after the Reformation, was one of the mansions of the Herbert Family. All that is now left of the mansion, which was once the finest house in Cardiff, are some crumbling ruins near the Feeder. On the other side of the road, just beyond St. John's Square, was the site of the East Gate, and here stood a tall watch-tower on the wall of the town. Queen Street is now the leading street of the City, the busiest shopping centre, but in the vicinity once stood the house in which Algernon Sydney, the ill-fated patriot, resided.

He was Member of Parliament for Cardiff Boroughs and had a strong local following, as he was descended maternally from the Gamage Family of Coity Castle. Cardiff has been ably represented in Parliament by some men of sterling ability, but I think Sydney, the patriot, was the greatest man Cardiff has ever returned to Parliament. Every schoolboy knows the story of Russell and Sydney, so I need not dwell on the sad story of the grim end of such a brilliant career.

The Cardiff Empire attracts crowds to Queen Street, and in Park Place is the New Theatre. The old theatre stood on the site of the Park Hotel, a gloomy building, liable to be flooded when the water came down the Feeder after rain. I remember an old man from Bridgwater telling me how he went to the old theatre to see "Hamlet." All went well till the grave scene, and then the grave diggers went down into the trap—the typical stage grave—and began splashing about. Then, just as Hamlet stalked on in black cloak and tights, a Jack Tar in the audience sent the house into shrieks of laughter by calling out "All hands to the pumps, the ship has sprung a leak." But the laughter was no sooner silenced than the audience discovered that the water had penetrated into the pit, and the occupants had to

beat a hasty retreat. "But we enjoyed the play very much," said the old boy with a chuckle.

Still, there were some great performances in the old theatre, and the leading star artistes of that generation often delighted their crowded audiences.

For the benefit of those who do not know their Cardiff, I should say that the Feeder, which still supplies water to the Docks, is a small canal from the Taff to the head of the Bute Docks. It still passes under Queen Street, and the terraces on either side have quite a riverside appearance.

The first of the railway bridges which crosses the street is that of the Taff Railway, and the principal station is to the right, where once stood the ancient "spitty" or hospital. It was a relic of the Monastic Age and was a fair spot in green fields, but now all is changed. Close to the Taff Vale Railway Bridge is the Rhymney Railway Bridge, the second of the two well-known local railways which serve the populous valleys above Cardiff. Here the street changes its name and becomes Newport Road. On the left is the old Hospital and the tall buildings of the New Medical School. These will eventually blot out the stucco front of the Early-Victorian Hospital, the work of which is carried on in the great pile of buildings a little higher up the road, a fine

tribute to the generosity of the people of Cardiff who have built and endowed it.

Rows of tall houses, the homes of the leading citizens, line the wide road, up and down which the electric tramcars pass to that part of the City known as the old "Manor of Roath," glimpses of Roath Court being caught through the trees as you pass. Soon the houses become more scattered, and at last, right on the borders of the County of Glamorgan and in sight of the Rumney River, the terminus is reached.

This little river, coming down to the sea through fields and market gardens, once had a finer name than it has to-day. It is still called in the Welsh tongue Avon Eleirch, the Swans River, supposed to have taken its name from the many swans which formerly frequented the river. One solitary pair of swans may still be seen on the brickyard pools by the river. And it is interesting to see the lady bird sitting on her huge nest of dead reeds on a little island in the pool; whilst her lord and master swims round with an affectionate eye on his mate, and the other meanwhile wide open against the coming of any possible intruder.

This spot has been a battlefield, for near here was fought the Battle of the Heath between the

Royalists and Parliamentarians, and we are led to speculate on the sorrows and sufferings which the poor ordinary folk must have endured in those struggles between the two great parties in the land.

This also was the scene of many struggles between the Men of Glamorgan and the Men of Gwent. Now such differences are usually decided on the football ground, so when Cardiff meets Newport in a popular Rugby Match, there is still a trace of the time-honoured feud as the rival supporters call out "Go it Cardiff!" or "Well played, Newport!" So may all our future rivalry be played with the sporting spirit of a football match. It would not be a bad idea if we could have matches between Liberal and Conservative, or better still, between Capital and Labour, so then at half-time, over a friendly slice of lemon, they might count their bruises and play the game in a more friendly spirit. All of which would be a great gain and an advance on the wirepulling, pettyfogging methods of the past. But this is merely by the way, and only the growls of a proverbial grumbler who has failed to find out what people can find in politics to quarrel about.

The Crockherbtown Gate was the main entrance into the old town from the East, just as it is to-

day, and as one came in from Newport the most striking object would be the old Grey Friars, the mansion of the Herberts of Cardiff. The hospital then lay back on the left a little farther out.

I have always been interested in tracing the movements of famous visitors to Cardiff in the old days, so I may be pardoned if I mention one who rode down the Rumney Hill in hot haste one evening. He rode in a coach-and-four, with armed outriders, and when the coach lurched as they came down the steep hill to the bridge, he probably swore a round string of oaths. A dark, sinister looking man, with a strong, even a handsome face, but easily moved to passion, when his eyes glared from under his big black wig. Who was this visitor who, in the Year of Grace 1683, came with such haste to Cardiff, and what could have been his errand ?

Travellers on the muddy roadside, when they saw the coach gilded and adorned with a huge coat-of-arms, turned to stare, but when they caught sight of that hawk's face with the gleaming threatening eyes, their hats came off and they bowed low. Then, one, more travelled than the rest, said, "It is the Chief Justice of England, Sir George Jeffreys!" Yes, Jeffreys it was, "Bloody Judge Jeffreys," as history has rightly

Old Betsy's Cwrw Bach.

[*See Chap.* 12].

named him, but on no hanging tour to-day. He was riding hard for Cardiff, and next day as an ardent lover, would plead for the hand and fortune of the widow of Fonmon Castle, the widow of his old friend Philip Jones, of Fonmon.

I doubt if I could have shown you a greater contradiction to all that one's mind would convey —Jeffreys as a lover ; but he won her all the same, and took her off in triumph to his home at Bullstrode, near Gerrard's Cross, on the way to London, proving that even the blackest character has its light, aye, even its gay side, and it is well for the world that it should be so.

CHAPTER VI

THE CATHAYS PARK.

In the busy heart of the City of Cardiff behind Queen Street, which is the fashionable shopping quarter, there lies a fair green park. When I knew it first it was enclosed within a high wall, and occupied all the space between the North Road and Park Place. Then the late Marquess of Bute consented to sell it to the Cardiff Corporation for the erection of public buildings, and this private

park became public property. The Corporation were wise enough to avail themselves of the opportunity, and the result is that the City has magnificent public buildings set in a fitting surrounding of full-leafed trees.

The effect when walking a few yards up the North Road close to the Castle walls, of this view of the long range of the buildings, is unequalled in any city in the country.

The central block with the high clock tower are the Municipal Buildings, built round a hollow square, with an entrance porchway, and crowned with the curling, twisting Welsh Dragon. To the left of this main building are the Law Courts, and to the right rises the Eastern dome of the National Museum of Wales. Facing these fine buildings are groups of statuary, first a War Memorial to the memory of our local heroes who fell in the South African War ; then in the centre a splendid equestrian statue of the late Viscount Tredegar, the grand old man of South Wales, who rode in the immortal Charge of the Light Brigade. Sir Goscombe John's statue represents him in the dress of the 17th Lancers, and on the sides of the base are tablets representing the Charge rendered with all the genius of this great Cardiff-born artist.

Old Lord Tredegar was a celebrated raconteur, a wit of the wits, with a quiet humour without one grain of malice.

I remember spending a day with him at Tredegar House, and though we were only a party of two, he fired off his merry *bon mots* as freely as if he had a large and appreciative audience. He told me, with a merry twinkle, of his dislike for the sea. Many of his friends used to try and persuade him to go abroad, "but," he remarked, "I always remember my experiences going to and coming back from the Crimea." He had a dislike for the sea, and even the sight of a model yacht had no charm for him. "Talking of model yachts," he said, "I had a curious experience with the energetic Secretary of a Model Yacht Club. You know we have a lake here close to the house, but that year it was being emptied and cleaned out. Well the Secretary wrote to ask if the model yachts could race on my lake, I was able to reply that there was no water at Tredegar Park." The next day his lordship saw a man strolling about in the Park. A servant was sent to ask his business, and his reply was "Oh, I'm a friend of Lord Tredegar, you see I'm the Secretary of the Model Yacht Club, and I've come down to see the water." And the

old man quite enjoyed the joke of how his word had been doubted.

There is a fine central room in the Town Hall with marble pillars and floor. All round the room are ranged a series of statues of the famous Welshmen of history. These are the work of some of the leading sculptors of the day, and were the gift of the late Lord Rhondda. It was Mr. J. L. Wheatley, the veteran Town Clerk, who while escorting Lord Rhondda round the new buildings, drew his attention to the bare pedestals and empty niches, and suggested what a magnificent gift it would be. Lord Rhondda fell in with the proposal, and the result is a real Valhalla of Old Wales; but, personally, I think the City Fathers should show their gratitude to the memory of "D. A." by adding Lord Rhondda himself to the series of famous Welshmen whose statues adorn the building. His later career is the very irony of fate. "D.A." turned his back on Parliamentary life, in some respects a disappointed man. In an active business life he found full scope for his energies, but to the average man it seemed that his public life had ended. Then came the war, and real men, men of great business ability were urgently wanted. So he came back to public life, undertook a special mission

to America and Canada on behalf of the Government, and put our War Contracts on a new footing, which meant the saving of millions to the nation. Then followed his remarkable escape from death in the sinking of the Lusitania. After which he returned to tackle the biggest problem of his life—the food question—which had reached an acute stage, and by his brilliant handling of this grave problem he restored the confidence of the country, and won the deepest gratitude of every section of the community. But his restless energy had worn out his weakened frame, and he died at Llanwern in the service of his country, one of the great heroes of the war.

It was in the Marble Hall that Lloyd George received the freedom of the City of Cardiff, and in the large hall he delivered his great address on Welsh Nationalism to an audience of 4,000 people drawn from every section of society in Wales.

I think Cardiff might honour herself in honouring the Welsh Prime Minister by placing his statue with the other statues of grand Welshmen, for he combines the statecraft of Glyndwr, the fighting qualities of a Picton, with the poetic force of a Pantycelyn. You'll note I'm not saying he is an archangel, for he is a very real man.

Every visitor to Cardiff ought to see these statues. It will give him or her a new idea of the great past which belongs to Wales, but there is one famous Glamorgan worthy whom men will look for in vain. He was only a working stone-mason, but a remarkable man, a great Welsh historian, the author of some of the most learned works on the history of Wales. He was the friend of Southey the poet, Benjamin Franklin the great American, and all the leaders of the new movement for a free Britain. Iolo Morganwg deserves to be here with the rest.

In front of the National Museum building is a flower garden, and on the green turf is a circle of rough unhewn stones, the Gorsedd Circle of the Bards of the Island of Britain. It was here that the National Eisteddfod was proclaimed, with pomp and strange ritual, when it was held in Cardiff. Near the Gorsedd Circle is a bronze statue of the late John Cory, one of the merchant princes of the city. It is a very clever and life-like piece of work, and the sculptor has certainly overcome many of the difficulties of our unpicturesque modern masculine dress. You note I state modern masculine dress, for curiously enough, modern feminine dress, when it avoids the extremes of so called fashion, is as picturesque as it has ever been.

Following the main avenue between the Law Courts and the Town Hall, other public buildings are passed—the Glamorgan County Council Office and the Registry of the University. On the right the long facade of the new College of South Wales and Monmouthshire stands out clearly, a fine building worthy of the excellent purpose for which it was built. The College Library contains a splendid collection of historical and topographical books, concerning which there is a story.

The collection was made by a Mr. Salusbury, of Chester, and he devoted himself to forming a Library of Border Country Books dealing with the Counties of Chester, Salop, Hereford and Monmouth. The Library contained many rare volumes of which the owner was very proud. But in his latter days he met with some heavy reverses, and when he died his books were left in the hands of the mortgagees for money lent. These gentlemen had little idea of the value of the library or how to dispose of it, so when the late Mr. Ivor James came on the scene and offered to buy the books on behalf of the College, they were pleased to be rid of them, and Mr. James, a keen book lover himself, called in a little army of packers with cases and boxes and the whole contents of the library were bundled off by train and

brought to Cardiff. I've heard that the good folk at Chester were very sore when they heard of this. They had no idea the collection was for sale, and they would willingly have given as much for the Cheshire books as was paid for the whole library. I am hoping some day they will issue a catalogue of this unique collection. There is a story about Mr. Salusbury and his books I can't refrain from telling. He allowed many students to have free access to his books, with the result his kindness was most basely abused by an individual who purloined a number of volumes. When Mr. Salusbury discovered his loss he noted with the deepest sorrow that one of his rarest books was among the missing volumes. So he went off to an old bookshop in Chester to ask the proprietor to look for a copy to replace the lost one, thinking sadly that it might be years before another copy could be found. Whilst waiting to speak to the man, who was engaged at the time, he idly turned over the books in the twopenny box, and to his surprise and delight drew forth his own lost copy which had, presumably, been sold with a bundle of others and its value not recognised. He joyfully paid for the book—his lost treasure—and with some vague excuses left the bookshop a very happy man. Which reminds me that there are bargains

to be found on the book stalls in Cardiff, or used to be when I lived there. I remember paying twopence for a thin calf-bound volume of theology, dated 1701. It was the splendid binding of panelled calf which took my eye, and I took it home, pushed it into the book shelves and forgot it for many days ; till one day going through the books, I opened it to find it was a first edition of the first book written by Sir Richard Steele. Dear old Dicky Steele was a captain then in the Guards stationed at the Tower, and he called his book "The Christian Hero." Well "The Christian Hero" and I parted company. A London bookseller gave me fifteen guineas for the book, and sold me an equally fine copy of the second edition for two shillings.

But this book-hunting gossip is rather beside the point in Cardiff's famous park. I feel that the Cathays Park really wants a personal visit. The whole is so nobly planned, so spacious and well designed, that a walk down its main avenue, to hear the clarion notes of the bell in the clock tower, to watch the lady clerks going into the great offices, or the Judge's solemn procession descending the staircase opposite, must be seen to be felt truly, and then you will understand why the Cardiffian turns his back on St. George's Hall at Liverpool, or the Albert Hall out

Knightsbridge way, and says, "This is very fine, but have you seen Cathays Park at Cardiff?"

And here, on the right of the City Hall, is the last of our public buildings, and one which all hope will be of special service to Wales. This is the National Museum of Wales, the brown stone building with the rounded dome. It is the first portion to be built, and is a great scheme to gather together in one building all the art and craft of the Welsh people. Here we shall be able to learn our history from practical examples, and see the art work of the early Celt, with its strange symbolic patterns worked in metal or carved in stone, and then to turn to the dainty porcelain of Swansea and Nantgarw, or the charming lacquer work of Pontypool and Usk. We shall then learn to know Wales better, and to more fully appreciate the work of the pioneers.

CHAPTER VII

LLANDAFF.

A broad road leads from Cardiff, the new city, to the old city of Llandaff. It is named the Cathedral Road, and, like most Cardiff roads,

is straight and a dead level, but its monotony is relieved by the long avenue of trees which line the pavements, and by the varied style of the surburban villas, which in the summertime glow with gay flowers.

On the left of the road formerly stood Plâs Turton, and in the fields round the old house the soldiers of Cromwell dug their trenches and bombarded the Castle across the river.

Twenty-five years ago, when I knew the Cathedral Road first, it was in the making. Rows of half-built houses stood rather desolate-looking on the borders of green fields, but now all is closely built over. At the far end there then stood a row of quaint cottages in real old-world gardens, but the site was too valuable for these humble dwellings, and the hand of the improver has placed imposing villas on the site. At the end, the road winds upwards to the slopes of Llandaff, but there is a better way to reach the old city, through the Llandaff Fields, over the fields and past the old Mill House. Here a charming view is obtained of the twin towers of Llandaff Cathedral, the one crowned by a spire which in any other position would be lofty and imposing.

I wonder if there is in our land another cathedral built low down in the valley. At Gloucester, the Cathedral towers above and dominates the town. Also at Hereford, the huge bulk of the tower of the Cathedral Church dwarfs everything else in the landscape. Worcester, in spite of its many towers and spires, is held in sway by the long profile of its Cathedral buildings, rising high on the bank of the Severn. But in old Llandaff the Cathedral is half hidden by foliage down in the meadows below the city which is also a village.

On the wooded bank to the left, above the Llandaff Fields, mansions peep out from the trees. One stands out more boldly, because it is more severely plain; one of those ultra respectable looking houses of the day of our great grandparents. It is now the Bishop's Palace, for which its severe air of respectability seems to so well fit it. It was originally known as Llandaff House, the residence of Wyndham Lewis, Esquire, of Llandaff, and Member of Parliament for Maidstone. Here, after his death, resided his widow, a lady many years his junior, with whom the old Esquire fell in love when he saw her at Bath, and so persistent was his love making, that he got an introduction to the lady, and ultimately married her.

The memory of a romance is clinging to this prim old house, and the romance has not finished, for to Llandaff came a daring young adventurer, a writer of novels, who had won a seat in Parliament and sat as the second Member with Wyndham Lewis of Llandaff. He was gaily dressed that day he came down to Llandaff and put up at the "Cow and Snuffers," for our adventurer, Benjamin Disraeli by name, was famous for his toilet; but beneath the dress of the fop beat the heart of a real man. He went over to the house, rang the bell, and sent in his card. "I won't see him, I'm engaged," said the lady. But the maid soon returned and told her that Mr. Disraeli was sitting in the hall and as he was in no hurry would wait till she was disengaged. "Bless the man," the widow is reported to have said, "I believe he will see me after all, so you had better show him in."

So shown in he was, and there and then he told the lady of his dreams of future greatness, of his ambitions and prospects. Nor did he hide from her his present embarrassments, and told her that his fate was in her hands.

The result is well known—she married him soon afterwards. She went with him to the

North when he fought for another seat, and history records how the landlord of the hotel where they were staying, surprised them on the night after the declaration of the Poll, and found Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli dancing round the room. It is certainly hard to imagine the scene, and to think that the grim Earl with the mask-like features had so much of the human element in him. I like that story they tell, of how, when Disraeli came out of the House, one night after a stormy meeting, he found his wife as usual waiting for him, and how with moody steps he paced across to the carriage. The footman saw his master, sprang down and opened the door. As he took his seat his wife saw at a glance that he was in a black mood. The footman slammed the door and they drove quickly home, Mrs. Disraeli sitting silent with her right hand wrapt up in her handkerchief. When they reached the house, Disraeli sprang out and held out his hand to assist his wife, when, to his surprise, he saw her handkerchief was soaked with blood. The explanation came quickly. The footman in closing the door of the carriage had crushed her hand, and she had sat silent and borne it. "And why did you not tell me?" he asked. "I could see you were worried," she replied, "and I did not want to upset you."

After that I call to mind Labouchere's famous rhyme on Disraeli, which so bitingly hits off his features.

"I know that lock so bluey-black,
I know that curl so deftly dyed
That falls arranged with so much knack
Upon his forehead broad and wide;
Beloved lock, beloved curl,
Ye must belong to our great Earl."

On the ridge near the Bishop's Palace are the remains of the Old Castle of the Bishops of Llandaff destroyed by Owen Glyndwr during his triumphant march through Glamorgan.

But those old Bishops of Llandaff were great men. They ruled in troubled times when the warlike chiefs of South Wales, full of unbridled passion, turned so often on friend or foe alike. But these ancient prelates were real men—they were not afraid of the might of the chiefs—for they ruled in their spiritual realm by the power of The Cross. The early records are full of the stories of how the Bishops boldly denounced the lord for his misdeeds, and placed him under a ban of excommunication. The Cathedral Church is one of the smallest in the country; indeed, some parish churches are quite as large, but there is

an air of quiet dignity about the building which accords well with its chequered history. Norman arches and doorways speak eloquently of its early history, and the decorated windows above harmonise well with the older foundation. A century and a half ago it stood in ruins. Generations of absent Bishops, from their rich livings in England paid a very occasional visit to the chief centre of their See. Then a plan for restoration was adopted on the quasi-Greek lines of the dull days of the Georges, and one-half of the Cathedral was converted into a species of Doric Temple of the stucco-plaster school. But during the last century a real restoration was undertaken, the gimcrack temple was removed, the ruined tower rebuilt, the main body of the building re-roofed, and generally adorned with the best of modern art in sculpture and fresco. If you like grim monuments, you may enjoy your peculiar taste to the full, for some of the tombs, notably the very life-like one of the skeleton coming out of the grave, are gems of their type. If you, like the fat boy in Pickwick Papers, "want to make your flesh creep," well come and do it and enjoy yourself in your own sweet way.

The River Taff at Llandaff is a pleasant stream, running quickly over the weir and down the mill race which flows not far from the large burial

ground attached to the Cathedral. Across the river, away beyond the bridge, is the suburb of Whitchurch. There is nothing very striking about it—the usual better-class suburb with rows of genteel red brick villadom.

But it was from an old farmhouse somewhere over there that a certain yeoman named Williams went off to London in the days of the Bluff King Hal. He married a kinswoman to the great statesman Thomas Cromwell, and to obtain some share of royal patronage our Master Williams changed his surname to Cromwell, and was the grandfather of that grim-faced, square-jawed leader of men, Oliver Cromwell.

Of Llandaff City, there is little to be said, it has few features of special interest. You climb up the steep bank from the Cathedral to The Green, and you survey comfortable-looking houses in gardens which gives you the feeling that Llandaff is a good place to live in.

Some old Welsh customs still linger round Llandaff, and of these the most interesting is the Mari Lwyd, a Christmas revel of very ancient date. The revel has survived because there is dressing up and make believe in it, and young folk of all ages have loved to dress up and pretend to be someone or something else.

The principal character in this revel is a young man dressed as a hobbyhorse, wearing the real skull of a horse, gaily decked with many coloured ribbons. On the nights round Christmas, hobbyhorse is led with much prancing along the lanes to a farmhouse where the revellers know they will be welcome. Here they set up a chant in Welsh sung to a crooning old tune, the opening lines of which run :

"O dyma ni'n dweyd
Gyfeillion diniwed,"

with verses describing the ales and cakes and other good things which will be awaiting them. Then from within the house, one skilled in Welsh verse will reply to the request for admission to the feast, and a duel in verse commences between the followers of hobbyhorse and the people within the farmhouse. This may last for half-an-hour or may be over in a few moments, according to the skill in "awen" of the defenders of the homestead, but at length hobbyhorse and his friends are admitted, to the terror of the youngsters who hide in corners to escape the snapping of the prancing horse enveloped in a white sheet ; but when the ale and cakes are served all fear goes, for with many a laugh, hobbyhorse takes off his head-gear to drink.

This is an old custom, a relic of the monkish plays of the Middle Ages, when, to educate the common people in the story of the life of our Saviour, the flight into Egypt was performed through the villages, with Joseph and Mary, the Infant in arms, and to add broad humour to the event, a man was introduced dressed as the horse on which the journey was made. The name of this old revel, Mari Lwyd, or Holy Mary, distinctly proves this. The old Celtic word "Llwyd" now translated as gray had originally a wider meaning, and one of these was the word we use as holy. Not long ago, during some alterations at Llandaff Cathedral, in a hollow in the wall, the skull of a horse was found, and this was probably the place where the "Mari Lwyd" head was kept till Christmas came round. There are of course many other old customs, but this one has been kept alive and as an interesting relic of the Middle Ages, altered by the Welsh Bards to suit their poetic purposes, deserves to be kept up as a reminder of an age when Christmas had no pantomime but this one, and such modern things as picture palaces were quite unthought of.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BUTE ROAD.

From the Canal Bridge on the Hayes a long, straight road leads down to the Docks. Tramcars run swiftly up and down the Bute Road, but the adventurer may prefer to walk down the most cosmopolitan thoroughfare in any city in Europe. The Tower of Babel has gone ages ago, but the varied languages of Babel can be heard any day on the Bute Road. Next to the shop signs, written in almost every language under the sun, the strangest features of the Bute Road are the smells. As you walk the pavement you pass a long train of coolies in slippers, wearing curious round caps, all walking in procession one behind another. A cluster of swarthy Greeks smoking cigarettes at a doorway, stand to stare at a group of midget Mongolians wrapped in rough sheep and goat skins.

That tall man in navy blue serge might have been a Viking from Norway, with his fair hair and massive frame, instead of a mate from a Scandinavian ship.

GOING TO CARDIFF MARKET IN THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.

[*See Chap.* 14.]

The Greek boarding-house sends out a whiff of Turkish tobacco and rank garlic. The Chinese are standing in crowds round their boarding houses, below which are either Chinese laundries or tobacco shops. Most of them wear some portions of their native dress, either Chinese shoes or quaint caps, but the Japanese, a few doors lower down the street, all wear European dress. These two Eastern races are curiously alike, yet unlike, for while the Chinese look out across the road with lack-lustre eyes, as well befitting the descendants of an ancient race who can claim to have been civilised when our forefathers were but savages, the Japs are all keenness and animation, chattering together as though life was a very good joke, even though they are stranded so far from their Eastern Islands.

The Italians are fairly numerous, noisy and light-hearted, usually singing and laughing together and smoking those rank cigars which even a veteran smoker will be wise to avoid. There are Arabs and Armenians in gay dress, giving a touch of the gorgeous East to the otherwise drab surroundings. The negroes have their settlement in the side streets behind the Bute Road, but they come out and parade in all the glory of white spats, velveteen suits and light hats, adding their

Christy Minstrel effect to the general motley assembly. The Danes and Swedes, with broad-built Dutchmen, seem to keep very much to themselves, and are seldom met with in the street fights in which the visitors from more Southern climes occasionally indulge.

In the season, groups of onion boys from Brittany, with their picturesque wide-brimmed hats, parade with strings of onions, leaving a strong odour in their train. The Greek Priest, the Scandinavian Missionary, and the Jewish Rabbi are also to be seen, each walking in the solitary seclusion of his office.

Of course there is a Police Station on the Bute Road, and a Parish Church, resembling an Eastern building, and replacing the famous old Parish Church which once stood at the end of St. Mary Street, and of the fall of which I have told.

All down the one side of the road the railway runs on an embankment, above which rise the high walls of a famous sea-biscuit factory, and one can well imagine how the sailor, home from a long voyage, turns from the sign of ship's biscuit to seek a loaf of new bread in the baker's shop on the corner. Down the other side are those various boarding-houses with shops

below, from which, as you pass, comes the mingled odour of garlic, opium, fried fish, oil skins, Turkish cigarettes and tar ropes, the very smells of Babel.

This long road is the connecting link between Cardiff and Cardiff Docks, and these various nationalities are proofs of the trade which links Cardiff to so many distant places.

All day the syrens on the ships near by scream and hoot in varying notes, sounding like shrill voices calling to the men who plough the seas to come out upon some new adventure. It is not only the stranger and the alien who walk the Bute Road. Stout sea-dogs from Devon, of the true breed of Drake and his merrie men, are to be met in groups, with tall firemen from Belfast and the Clyde. Short, thick-set men, as dark as Spaniards, prove by their mingled Welsh and English that they are of the true Pembroke race, whilst the broad Welsh of Cardigan and the shores of Anglesey sounds clear from the lips of many a jolly tar.

Many romances are hidden behind faces met on this "way of the mixed races." I well remember one man I knew, a beery fireman, but a man of magnificent physique, who carried himself with a certain cultured manner which gave one the impression that he had not all his life

shovelled coal in the stokehole of a tramp steamer. When sober he spoke with the accents of a polished gentleman, when drunk—which was his usual state—every word was an oath which made you turn away in disgust. It was in my power to do this man some little kindness, which he was deeply grateful for, and one day he opened his heart to me.

He had been away from his usual haunts for some days and returned more drunk, more disreputable than ever. He was on his beam ends and starving, for oddly enough, many a man can get free drinks at a public-house bar when he fails to get the same people to give him a single copper to buy bread. It was after he had been fed that he told me he was a soldier, at which I was not surprised, and that he had been an officer in a regiment of the Guards, and had fought with distinction under Wolseley during the Egyptian War. Then began his downward career. I did not question him, but I could knit one incoherent statement with another and could thus judge how he had fallen.

"Last week," he said, "I walked all the way up into Herefordshire to see my wife and two daughters. Of course they never saw me, but I peeped through the hedge; they were having tea on the lawn and the girls had been

playing tennis. Then I came back, and I've been drunk ever since; drunk all the time, trying to be happy and to forget."

Another frequenter of Bute Road was an old hawker who gained a living by peddling cutlery round the Docks. He, like most of his class, was often drunk, and one day he disappeared. He had been last seen walking by the West Dock, very drunk. A week or so later a body was dredged up from the Dock, and the old man's keenest rival went round to the mortuary and identified him, in due course attended the inquest, and, resplendent in a new black suit, attended the funeral of the man who had so often got in front of him; but the rival could remember, by a hard stretch of memory, some little act of kindness, so that he was able to say: "Smith was not a bad sort, take him all round." A month later Smith, to the disgust of his rival, returned once more to his accustomed haunts. He explained that he had won some money over a horse race, for backing horses was a hobby of his, and on the strength of his winnings had gone away to revisit the haunts of his childhood; and I happen to know that he was the son of a wealthy merchant in the North. But the rival looked upon the whole affair as an ill stroke of fortune, and was fond of dwelling

on his ill-luck. "And I bought a blessed new suit to bury him in," he used to exclaim, "and here he is alive after all." Yes! Comedy and tragedy walk the Bute Road, where wealth goes by with a whiz in a motor car and poverty hunts along the gutters looking for cigarette ends.

It was in the back parlour of a house down on the Bute Road near the Docks. There had been a wedding in the house, and I was one of the invited guests. How I came to be there—but that is another story.

Over a cup of tea late in the afternoon, the little man opposite to me began to talk. He was chief steward on a big boat in the Docks, and had been everywhere and seen everything from the Rock at Gibraltar to the Golden Bay at San Francisco. We had drifted somehow to ghost stories and other queer adventures, and each of the company had expressed some doubt as to spirit visitations. But the little man shook his head.

"No, I can't say that," he remonstrated. "There certainly are some things which we can't explain, and to prove my point I'll tell you. I was in San Francisco, stranded, about thirty years ago. Being a handy man, with what I may call an all round knowledge, I took a job as a male attendant, or night nurse, to an old gentleman who lived in a flat in one of the big mansions

which look out over the Bay. The gentleman was very old, suffering from senile decay, and there was very little to do for him. He just lay there, and occasionally at certain stated times during the night, I had to give him a little liquid nourishment from a feeding cup. I used to go on duty at eight o'clock each evening till eight the following morning, when the day nurse relieved me. No one lived in the flat with the old gentleman, but he had a married daughter living in the city, who came up to see him every day.

"As I have said, my duties were light. I used to sit and read in the dressing room next to the bedroom in which the old gentleman lay. The door of the dressing room being wide open I could see all over the large bedroom. Could see the door into the bedroom from the main corridor quite distinctly. For convenience the bed was placed nearly in the centre of the room, and was a plain brass bedstead without curtains or draperies. You must excuse these details, but I give them for a definite purpose. On this particular night the old gentleman was more quiet than usual, only his faint breathing could be heard in the room. About two o'clock in the morning I roused him a little and gave him the nourishment, and then went back to my easy chair and picked up the book I had been reading.

I had settled down comfortably, when a very faint noise by the door of communication caused me to look up from my book. As I did so, the door quietly opened and a lady came in. I was, naturally, startled to see her, as she was a stranger to me, besides which, she was without hat or cloak, dressed in a long dress of rather, to my eye, old-fashioned cut. She walked quickly over to the bed, and leaning over the sick man seemed to kiss him on the cheek. This seemed to partly rouse him, for he called out some name. As he did so she turned, and I saw that she was young and beautiful, with dark hair hanging over her ears. She took not the slightest notice of me, but walked quietly back to the door, opened it, and was gone.

"In a second I realised that she must be some intruder, and hurried over to the door which had just closed behind her. Down the corridor I hurried, leaving the door open behind me, but could see no trace of the visitor. In passing I tried each door, but they were all locked, as I had left them some hours before. I then descended the stairs to the ground floor, only to find the house locked up and all in darkness.

"Somewhat bewildered, I returned to the sick room, and at a glance, saw that my patient was dead. I at once went down and

roused the hall porter to send word to the old gentleman's daughter. I mentioned the visitor, but the porter told me I must have been dreaming, for there was no young lady living in the house. Who was she? Well, I can't say. I only give you the incident exactly as it happened."

CHAPTER IX

THE DOCKS.

To understand fully all that Cardiff stands for in the great world of commerce you must stand on the Pier Head at Cardiff. Though why it is called Pier Head no one knows; for it is not a pier but an open walk across the front of the Docks bridged by a series of lock gates. If the tide is at the full, you may see ships from all parts of the world passing in and out with deafening hootings of syrens, shrill pipings of whistles, and the hoarse shouting of many voices. Beyond these nearer noises will sound loudly the rumble of the coal hoists, as the wagons are lifted bodily, turned over, and the contents sent rumbling into the depths of some huge steamer; and the constant hammer, hammer, from the repairing sheds, with the creaking of long trains of coal wagons, all help to make up a scene which a

Turner or a Whistler might have made into a picture.

The stranger is simply held in a spell of utter bewilderment, there seems to be such an ordered disorder, but every noise and movement is full of meaning. This goes on all round the clock, for night only changes the colour of the picture, the high electric arc lamps glowing with a pale blue brilliance. Down the ships' sides come gangs of black-faced men and others go up to take their places, as the coaltrimmers with their shovels on their backs change gangs. At night too, the Furnaces of the Copper Works and the Ironworks cast a great glare of red light in which every spar, mast, and funnel stand out clear, then sink into a twilight of reflected lights. All the time crowds of men pass to and fro, shipwrights, boilermakers, rivetters, cooks, coolies and captains, all in a hurry, all full of business.

There are old people still living who remember when there was only one dock, the East Dock, where the potato boats from Ireland berthed, but now there is a range of Docks and Basins reaching right away across towards the Moors.

They have built a new Dock Office on the Pier Head which stands out quite gay in its

bright red brick, with terra cotta decorations, and reflects an air of general prosperity all over the Docks.

The men at the Docks will tell you that they did much to win the war, for the tramp steamers from Cardiff carried many a thousand ton of coal out to our fleet. Through the dangers of waiting submarines and floating mines, not to mention the torpedo that often came unawares, these rough sailors from Cardiff passed, facing these dangers like men and Britons, helping to win the war. I heard of one rough diamond, a fireman, who lost all his kit and nearly lost his life when the boat was struck by a torpedo. After some hours in an open boat, he and others of the crew were picked up and taken into port, where he promptly signed on again at the same old risky job. That's the breed of men that brought us through to victory. We are a great nation we're fond of saying, but these are the men who made us great. Only a drunken fireman you may say, but with the undying courage of a Drake or a Grenville, and the true Nelson spirit. Personally, I have little faith in our politicians, but while we can produce this bulldog breed we're all right.

Outside the Dock Gates, by the Merchants' Exchange, is the tram terminus and a row of huge

offices belonging to well known coal firms, the names of which are familiar to the average traveller who sees their coal trucks all over the country.

Have you a fair idea of the position of Cardiff Docks? If not, take the map of Great Britain and find the Bristol Channel; now trace its yawning mouth up the Severn Sea till here you have it right facing Weston-super-Mare. The two small islets in the middle are the two Holmes —the Flat and the Steep Holm. On the Flat Holm is a lighthouse, a Fever Hospital and an Isolation Hospital for the Port of Cardiff. There is an inn on the Island, but one wonders what kind of place this must be for an inn, what class of travellers do they get there, what kind of drink do they sell, and to whom? Now right opposite these little islands is an opening in the coast, a shallow bay where the Ely and the Taff run into the Channel. This entrance is protected on the South-West by the bold headland of Penarth. On the other side are the moors of Roath with mud banks in front, and these mud banks I'm told make for safety, as they afford a soft resting place to a ship run aground.

We have no blue sea at Cardiff, though we have plenty of blue skies, and in the winter we get blue noses galore; but though the waters of the

Bristol Channel are of the colour of soup, it is a stretch of water we ought to be very proud of, for it was out from these brown waters that Cabot sailed in his tiny ship and discovered Newfoundland.

Cardiff, of course, had port officers in the long ago. In the reign of Elizabeth, Master Henry Morgan was the Queen's Customer at Cardiff, and rode the coast in search of pirates; for Cardiff had a bad reputation in those days, and many a cask of brandy or wine landed at Penarth Head was hurried away to the cellars of the local gentry. In the next reign the same trouble was still rampant round Cardiff, and Admiral Button, from Worleston beyond Llandaff, took charge of the work of clearing the narrow seas on the West of pirates and other riff-raff. When his work was finished he came back to Cardiff in triumph, and they hung his portrait, specially painted, in the Town Hall of the Borough. There it remained for many years till at last, on an unlucky day, they wanted a portrait of the M.P. of that date. Unfortunately the artist had not got a canvas large enough, so the Member of Parliament was painted over poor Admiral Button, which certainly was base ingratitude and gross vandalism, for who to-day cares a button for the worthy or unworthy M.P. of a hundred

years ago, but Admiral Button—well that is different—he was a bold sailor, an explorer and the man who cleared the Seas. That type of man is very real and many would like to know exactly what he looked like.

By the way I have heard, let me whisper it softly, that Cardiff is still infested with pirates. But I expect it was a Newport or a Swansea man who set this rumour floating round.

The Cardiff Exchange is situated in Mount Stuart Square, just off the end of Bute Road. It is a great square block of buildings where fortunes are made, telephone bells ring, and telegraph boys run to and fro like ants on an ant heap. For here the great business of the City centres. Towards evening the private cars, the taxis and tramcars take the regular workers in Mount Stuart Square away to their homes, or their golf links or their music halls, and then the Square is deserted. The caretaking lady who cleans out the offices is seen in all her pride, standing in the office doorways where an hour or so ago the fair lady typist stood, and the tabby cat prowls round undisturbed by the pea-shooters of the expert office boys. Come here at noon, and the nerve racking sounds of telephone bells and the click click of the typewriter will deafen the ear, but, after hours, you can bring your best girl along the quietest thoroughfare in the whole of Cardiff.

I have said nothing about the Cardiff merchants, and it is only fair that I should say that I have not met them in business hours. Also I hear, in Cardiff, that they are a fine body of Merchant princes, lavish in hospitality and ready to help any deserving cause.

You may say—that is what they say in Cardiff. All I can say is, if you do not speak up for your own who do you think will. I once heard the character of Cardiff merchants from one who had presumably had the worst of a bargain. "They combine," said he, "the caution of a Scot with the shrewdness of the Tynesider, and the cunning of the devil himself. They talk about Jews, but not one of us is in it with them." This was high praise coming as it did from one of the great race of national financiers. But if I have not met them when they play the merry game of high finance, I have met the Cardiff Docksman in private life and found him a very fine gentleman. Sometimes he has a critical taste in art, at times he is a philanthropist of an unbounded generosity, and the luck of the Cardiff Docksman is proverbial. So take him for all in all he is an excellent pal, and here's to him, may his luck never change.

I know an office window in one of those giant offices. It is far up above the cosmopolitan clatter

of James Street, and a row of flowering plants in pots give a thought of the open country. Yes, it is the open country out there which is the real attraction. Beyond those strange girders of the Clarence Bridge, which was made to open and which for that very reason is seldom opened, though I do know a man who once saw it open, at least that is the story which he tells.

Then beyond the bridge is the waste of rubbish by the river bank, with the new streets of Grangetown rising behind. But above and beyond all this, on a clear day there is a remarkable view of the Garth Mountains, and Castell Coch peeping out of the woods. Nearer at hand you see the wooded cefn of Leckwith, terminating at the extreme left in the hill at Penarth, with the church on the very point, as a beacon and a landmark. Away beyond this is the open channel, where the two Holmes lie flickering in the sunlight, and the pleasant hills of Somerset fill in the background of the picture.

I don't know the rent of that office, but it is worth something to have such a view of sea and land. Of course, the Holmes do not always flicker in the sunlight. Life is not all sunshine; but even when the rain-clouds blot out the Channel view, and Penarth Head is only a deeper grey mass beyond the grey of the mid-distance, when

RETURNING FROM THE FUNERAL.

[*See Chap.* 12.]

the keen east wind blows, and the wild geese pass in distant flocks, it is good to look out and see the ever-changing colours of Nature, though seen from an office window where "freights" and "bunkers" are the main topics of conversation.

Still I venture to think the voyager in search of the picturesque would hardly have looked for it at the Cardiff Docks.

CHAPTER X

BOHEMIAN CARDIFF.

Cardiff has always been a Bohemian centre, perhaps because of its curious position between England and Wales, but more possibly because of its mixed population. The Bohemians I have met there would not, perhaps, count as being ultra Bohemians if met in Paris, but here, in a world of hidebound conventions, any man who steps over the border line, if only a yard or two, may be termed a Bohemian. For that reason, I suppose, I have included old Storrie, the naturalist, whom I have often met strolling along Queen Street wearing a curious skull cap which served to set off his strong Scotch features. The old man had been curator of the Cardiff Museum, but in his later years he had a little shop in the

Queen Street Arcade, and dealt in microscopes, and prepared slides for the doctors, and talked very learnedly on the Neolithic Age and on the original cave-dwellers of our island, who, from his account, must have been a curious race of little savages living in holes in the earth on nuts and fruits.

Some folk may think that I should include some notes on some Sporting Club at Cardiff, and a talk with some of the leading Welsh boxing men. Bohemians they may be, of a sort, but to me a most uninteresting sort. We occasionally rave against the Spanish bullfight, but the details of some of our modern prize-fights, e'en when recorded by admirers of the sport make very curious reading. One has only to turn to Thackeray's essay on George IV and his prize-fighting crowd, and read how the author thanks the powers of law and order that such amusements had gone out of fashion, to be quite decided that we have gone back a bit in some direction.

I should think that the late Thomas Henry Thomas was Cardiff's truest Bohemian. He was the son of the Principal of the Baptist College at Pontypool, and took to Art as a career, but though he went to Rome and studied there, and came back with an excellent knowledge of Art, and with a fine sense of colour, somehow he never came to the front. He illustrated many books,

he wrote a few pamphlets, he designed the robes worn by the Bards at the Gorsedd, and yet, outside his own circle, he was unknown. Why, I can't say. I have heard that he had enough to live on comfortably, and this may have been the thing which held him back. Most of us are born poor and have to fight our way along the road of life, but we seldom thank God for the circumstances which bring the best out of us. He was a tall, stately gentleman, with a singular old-world charm of manner, and a remarkable fund of knowledge of folklore and kindred topics. He was a bachelor, and lived in that quiet thoroughfare called "The Walk." I have sometimes thought he might have filled a large space in the world of Art and Letters, but he was content to live his quiet life in Cardiff. A real Bohemian who spent much time browsing in the Cardiff Library, was Charles Ashton, of Dinas Mawddwy, North Wales, known by the familiar title of "The Literary Policeman." He was a police sergeant at Dinas Mawddwy, and won one of the principal prizes at the National Eisteddfod for his "Life and Works of Iolo Goch," one of the bards of old Wales. He was put on the Civil List, and also received an annual allowance from the National Eisteddfod Funds to continue his research work. He was a big, fair, silent man, who always seemed to be in a maze of literary speculation, as though

he had read too much and too often. Some people insisted that he had a "bee in his bonnet," and certainly his death, which was one of the gruesome tragedies of twenty years ago, seemed to prove that they were right.

John O'Neil I knew well. He was a journalist, the original "Man about Town" of the "South Wales Echo," and when I knew him he was writing for the "Financial News." He was a curiously shy, bearded man, with that owl-like look which so often accompanies the wearing of spectacles.

A very reserved man, he was hard to draw into conversation, but when wound up and launched upon one of his favourite Art topics, he was a master. He was the most learned man on European Art I have ever met. He had travelled extensively and knew the contents of the Dresden Gallery, the collection at the Prado, or the pictures in the Louvre with a remarkable knowledge. He would discourse wisely on the rise of engraving and draw comparison between mezzotints and line engravings, Rembrandt etchings and Lucas' engravings after Constable in a way that would make the poor fellow of just ordinary intelligence reel mentally with amazement. After an hour or two of Art, with occasional flights to Cuba or South America in his conversation, he would suddenly leave with the remark, "I have a

lot of writing to do to-night, we will continue our chat to-morrow night." But it might be a week or two before the talking mood was on him again.

He died with dramatic suddenness after being taken ill at the Mayor's Banquet.

Another journalist I often met was William Johnson. He had been private secretary to Sir Alfred Thomas, now Lord Pontypridd, and I still remember the stir caused by some articles of Johnson's in the "Western Mail," on "How Welsh J.P.'s are made," but these things belong to the limbo of forgotten things. The sting has gone, and we can afford to laugh at such fooling, in the hope that the present generation, if equally ambitious, are wiser. Johnson was a great practical joker. I remember one of his attacks on a very arrogant Hebrew whom he had rubbed shoulders with. This man used to mend windows, and carried glass in a frame on his back. I'm told his perseverance has been rewarded, and that he is now a prosperous shopkeeper. He had been boasting loudly of his cuteness and the next day received a postcard asking him to go to a village in the Vale of Glamorgan to glaze a greenhouse. With a load of glass on his back he went off, looking for the house, which of course, he never found, and so returned to confide his troubles to the author of the mischief.

Johnson was stricken with a serious illness during the later years of his life, and wrote a book entitled "The Welsh at Home," a series of biographies of people in South Wales, interlarded with some rather fulsome flattery, but I have always imagined that Johnson wrote the book with his tongue in his cheek, for he was a dry wag at all times.

Edward Fletcher, the lessee of the Old Theatre Royal, was a true Bohemian. An old actor of the stock company days, he made up in dignity what he lacked in inches, for he had a remarkably fine voice and spoke always as though the language of Shakespeare was natural to him. He was my uncle, and I think I went in some awe of him. About 25 years ago when the late Wilson Barrett, who had failed in some theatrical enterprise and had migrated to the States, returned to this country with a new play he had produced in America—the evergreen "Sign of the Cross." On the Sunday night (he was appearing at the Theatre Royal on the Monday night, which by the way was the 100th night of the new play) the two old actors, comrades-in-arms on many a stage, met at my uncle's house in St. Andrew's Crescent. "Well, Wilson, my boy, tell me, is it *the* success I have heard?" asked Edward Fletcher, in a full, rich voice tuned

to the stage. Wilson Barrett shook him warmly by the hand, and, in his well remembered Silver King style, replied, "Ned Fletcher, my boy, yes, you are right. I have brought back with me a fortune." And he was right, for the "Sign of the Cross" made a big fortune for its fortunate producer.

Father Hayde, the warm-hearted Catholic Priest, who acted as father, friend and counsellor to his very mixed flock, was, I take it, another of Cardiff's Bohemians.

It was a real life of self denial for a cultured gentleman to spend his life in the slums of Cardiff, quelling disorders, reproving wife beaters, and yet he did it with such a genial happy manner that the boys, even when rather fresh and dying for a fight, and whom it would have taken a whole police force to quieten down to order, were cowed and sent home to bed by a few words from this strong Irish Catholic Priest. All honour to his memory.

I have heard a story of Father Hayde. I can't vouch for its truth, but it's worth the telling in the hope that it is true. It was late on a Saturday night, and the good Father had not long retired to rest when he heard a violent knocking at the door. Thinking it was one of his flock in trouble, he rose and opened the window, enquiring who was there.

"It's me, your Reverince."

"And who are you?"

"Pat Murphy, your Reverince." and by the tones Patrick was very drunk indeed.

"What do you want, Pat?"

"I want to be baptized, your Reverince," blubbered Pat.

"Go home at once, and don't you dare to come knocking here again."

An hour later the loud knocking at the door was resumed, and once more the poor priest got out of bed to the window.

"Who is there?" he asked.

"Pat Murphy, your Reverince, and I want to be baptized."

"Kneel down then at once," and, taking the jug of water from the washstand, he leaned out of the window and poured the contents over the kneeling penitent. There was no more trouble with Pat for that night at least.

CHAPTER XI

MORE BOHEMIANS.

The many friends and admirers of the late Alderman Ed. Thomas, "Cochfarf," would surely agree with me that no account of Cardiff Bohemians would be complete without some mention of this

Prince of Bohemia. He was an ardent Welsh Nationalist, an Irish Home Ruler, a stalwart Nonconformist, staunch teetotaler and a man of public affairs. His best work in Cardiff was his splendid services as Chairman of the Library Committee. It was due to his energy that the Cardiff Library secured the Welsh portion of the famous Phillips Collection of Manuscripts. At his home at the Gordon Coffee Tavern, he was the centre of plots and plans, schemes for Irish Home Rule, for the revival of the Welsh Language, and the foundation of Welsh Societies. Here Irish M.P.'s came to confer with this big Welshman, who was the acknowledged leader of the Irish Party in Cardiff. He was a splendid specimen of a man when I knew him first, with fair hair and beard, from which they named him "Cochfarf" or red beard. He was a bard of the Gorsedd, the keeper of the Great Sword, a man deeply versed in the lore of the Gorsedd of the Bards of the Island of Britain.

It was from Cochfarf that I first learned the story of peasant life in Glamorgan, and of the old hymn-writers of the Vale, so my heart warms to his memory. He was a splendid fighter—a born fighter, full of the courage of his race. His collection of notes in the "Evening Express," which ran for some time, was a fine piece of literary journalism. There was talk of a Life of Cochfarf,

but I'm told that some years must elapse before the letters which he received can possibly be published. As one who has been favoured to go through them, remarked to me, Cochfarf was the clearing house for every big and little movement in Wales.

Sir Marchant Williams I knew intimately, and he was another true Bohemian. His magazine, "The Nationalist," was the most pungent bit of critical journalism ever published in Wales.

But I met him as an Art Collector, and here his wit and fund of anecdote came bubbling to the surface. Marchant, in his anecdotage over the coffee at his own table, was the very prince of story tellers. I remember his story of the lost Black Book of Bassingwerk. This was one of the famous old Welsh MSS, rivalling the Llyfr Goch or Llyfr Landaf in importance, but it had been lost sight of for many years, and Marchant, who was in London at the time, was discussing and lamenting the loss of the famous Manuscript. "A hundred years before, it had been in the private possession of a Clergyman in North Wales."

"What became of him?" asked Marchant.

"He emigrated to the South of England," replied his friend.

"What part?"

"I have heard it was Kent."

"Do you remember his name?"

"Yes, it was (shall we say) Jenkins."

"Good, let us get Crockford, and hunt through it; he may have left a descendant, and you know a parson's sons and grandsons are often parsons themselves."

A search through the Clerical Directory revealed a clue, a slender one but still a clue, there was a Rev. Jenkins, vicar of a living in the heart of Kent. So next day Marchant went forth on the search, found the nearest railway station, and after a long walk through country lanes, reached the vicarage.

The Vicar was at home and told him he was the grandson of the Rev. Jenkins who had left North Wales. "Have you any Welsh Manuscripts?" "Well, really I don't know; we have some old Welsh books in a box upstairs and you shall see them." So the box was brought down and there, under the Old Welsh Bibles, was the famous lost manuscript book in the old black binding which gave it its name. Marchant pounced with flashing eyes on his prey, and leaving behind an acknowledgment that he held the book, brought it back to London. It now reposes in the National Library of Wales, at Aberystwyth, on, I believe, permanent loan.

One more of Marchant's stories I can't resist telling. It was about a sale of pictures in a country house, and Marchant went to view the things with Mr. D. T. Alexander, who was selling. There was a so-called "Vandyke," a terrible daub, but framed in a fine old carved wood frame, bearing the label "Vandyke," Presumably, it may have once framed a Vandyke, and Marchant thinking it might suit one of his pictures, instructed the Auctioneer to buy it for him. And he said how Alexander chaffed him unmercifully over the Vandyke he had bought for ten pounds. It was sent up to London just as it was with the daub painting still in it, which was the portrait of an old man holding a short stick in his hand. The late Mr. Colnaghi, to whose establishment it was consigned, was merely advised that a picture had been sent, and some weeks later Marchant called to arrange about having his own picture fitted into the frame. When he arrived, Mr. Colnaghi met him and said, "Come upstairs, and see your picture, we have just finished cleaning it." Marchant, too dumbfounded to say much, followed the famous expert to the upper room, where, on the easel, stood a fine portrait of a boy in blue—a portrait of the young Duke of York as High Admiral, holding the baton of office in his hand. "But this is not my picture!" exclaimed Marchant. "Yes, this is the one,"

said Mr. Colnaghi. "I could tell by the painting of the hand and baton that there was a decent picture hidden away under that paint, so we cleaned off the old man and found this painting underneath." "I hope you like it," he added, "for I believe it to be what it is called on the label, a genuine 'Vandyke.'"

In my walks round Cardiff I often used to meet Dr. Joseph Parry, the well-known musician, an impetuous Welshman who lived in a world of music. To see him at his best one had to go to the Welsh Congregational Church, off Queen Street, where the Doctor presided at the organ. Then he was great, and all the choir and congregation seemed to be infected with the spirit of music. I am no musical critic so that I cannot sit in judgment on his compositions, but he was a remarkable instance of a working man (he had been an ironworker) winning for himself a fine position in the world of music. Certainly his hymn tunes will be sung as long as Welsh hymn singing will continue. The position of music in Wales to-day has been placed on a sounder footing, but he was one of the men who bore the burden and heat of the day, and his name will long be honoured in the land, when, in the not far distant future, Wales shall be indeed "The Land of Song."

The late Marquess of Bute could certainly be ranked with Cardiff's Bohemians; he had original tastes in Art, as witness his restoration of Cardiff Castle. He had, too, the Bohemian's love of the rare and curious. I have sometimes thought that if his Lordship had only been a poor man he would probably have made a name either in the world of Letters or Art, for he had culture and knowledge of a rare order. And the moral seems to be that it is sometimes better for a man to be born poor and have to win his way through life, than to be born the owner of many castles.

And there are, and were, others. Of course there are many, for you will have noticed that I have only written about past Bohemians, but there are plenty of living Bohemians. I have in my mind at least a dozen others who have a strong tendency to the free and happy title of Bohemians. Some of these are clear, shrewd business men, whom their ordinary acquaintances would never suspect of having an interest beyond the ordinary routine of business life, and yet who, outside their business, have some absorbing hobby which brings them within the ranks of the happy army of Bohemia.

And this somehow brings me to the thought that we are all Bohemians, more or less. Some of us more than others, but there is within

every one of us some trace of our early nomad ancestor, who wandered from place to place and lived life at its fullest without any hidebound rules of convention and custom.

It may be taken as an undisputed fact that we all might have been Bohemians, and that, given the opportunity, most of us would be now. Nothing has proved this more than the return of our young men from the War. How few of them of their own choice have returned to the dull routine of the office or the shop, but have preferred to strike out into new paths of life.

But why have I left the best till last—the greatest of our Bohemians, till the subject has been somewhat exhausted? For the late Mr. Robert Drane was the very "Pooh Ba" of Bohemians, a wit, a poet, an author, and a great collector. In his rooms above his shop in Queen Street, his collections were displayed in cabinets. His two great hobbies as a collector were spoons and Worcester Porcelain.

He had a rare type of dry humour which made strangers keep him at a distance, and he was a good hater, too; if he was offended, he was very offended.

A specimen of his dry wit was his reply to a lady who sailed into the shop one day, and, with

a smile, said, "I should like to see your collection of curios, Mr. Drane."

"Madam," said the old man, with a rather grim look, "Are you mad?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Drane, I am not," replied the lady.

"Then," said Mr. Drane, "my collection will not interest you, for it is only a madman's collection, and will only interest mad folk."

Fortunately his unrivalled collection of Old Worcester remains intact, having been purchased by his friend, Mr. Herbert Eccles, of Briton Ferry, and we may hope to see it some day on view in the new National Museum of Wales.

But the old man's collection of spoons, upon which he had devoted so much time and study, were sold in London a few years ago, and so scattered.

All the antique dealers in London knew Robert Drane, and I once heard a very good story of one of them who tried to catch the old man napping.

Mr. Drane had asked this dealer to procure him an example of a certain type of Worcester Porcelain. Soon afterwards a piece turned up in a London sale room, this the dealer bought

and promptly forwarded to Cardiff, enclosing a bill, but charging about eight times what it had cost.

By return the parcel came back and with it a curt little note, saying that Mr. Drane was not prepared to pay such fancy prices, particularly as he knew what it was bought for at the sale. The dealer saw his error and wrote a very humble letter back, requesting Mr. Drane to take the piece of china at the price he had paid for it. But this only roused the old man's ire the more, and he promptly replied that he was not in the habit of doing business with people who were first knaves and then fools.

He was a man with a wide range of varied knowledge, a splendid letter writer, and with a warm corner in his heart for young collectors.

He was sometimes taken in, for even the greatest collector is not infallible, but no one enjoyed telling how he came to make a mistake more than he did. His death was a real loss to the City, for he was a fine type of citizen, and it is with real sorrow that I record his name in the list of past Bohemians.

CHAPTER XII

OLD MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

Old customs die hard in the Cardiff district, because, perhaps, of the Celtic origin of the people, for the Celt lives mainly in the past, and as a nation the Celtic nation is certainly the most conservative.

Because the old inhabitants of Cardiff were a hardy race of pirates, their descendants were expert smugglers and resolute wreckers. There is an old tale told of a man who lived on Penarth Head, and who earned a living, of a sort, by wandering up and down the coast in search of the flotsam of the sea, which, after a storm, would be found floating on the waves or left by the receding tide.

One day he had wandered far afield, searching each cove and tiny bay towards Barry Island. As the wintry evening closed in he was returning, having found nothing; but before going home he went down into a sandy cove where, after each returning gale the sands took fresh shape. There was an old story told of this cove, that once, years before, a Dutch lugger had come ashore and broken

up high on the sands, and that the crew had buried treasure in the sands, but were afterwards unable to find the exact spot.

The weary searcher cast his eyes over the hollows under the sand banks, and, to his surprise saw, sticking out of the sand, the corner of an old iron box, a real strong box of massive build and strengthened with outer bands of iron.

He strained and struggled to move the box, but it was very heavy, and was firmly wedged in the sand. Darkness was coming fast, so he decided to go home for help, to get a lantern, and bring his son with him ; but before going he, with some cunning, covered with heaping sand the box, and carefully marked the spot. Yet even as he left the cove, the wind began to moan and the sands to shift.

By the time he had reached home, two hours later, the wind had risen and was roaring down the coast.

The searcher called his son, and without waiting for a meal, the two hurried off into the gale, taking a lantern which they had much difficulty in keeping alight. It took much longer to get back to the cove, for they had to fight their way every inch of the road ; at last they reached the sands, but the storm had been busy and the sandhills had changed shape ; where the

hollows had been, huge mounds composed of hundreds of tons of sand were piled up. They fought their way up and down against the stinging, sand-ladened blast, but, search as they might, they could not locate the place of the hidden treasure. For years after, the old man used to potter about in the sandhills with a spade, but he never found the strong box.

Round Cardiff there are still isolated farm-houses which have the old hiding places in which the smuggled keg of brandy was once kept. At times it is just an extra, unused bread oven, but more often a loose flagstone in a corner of the floor would prove to be the entrance to a well-contrived extra cellar in which the smuggled spirit could be kept with safety. One still hears stories from the old folk of the teams of Welsh mountain ponies which trotted by in the dark, when only a whispered word was spoken as the keg and the parcel was left on the bailey ready to be carried down below; and the team went rattling over the loose stones of the bye-way till the sounds grew faint in the distance. Then on the next Sunday, the farmer's wife and daughters would come into church wearing real French lace, quite as fine and often the same pattern as the Squire's lady was wearing in the Manor House pew.

But wrecking was the favourite Glamorgan sport. The men of Bridgend were the famous wreckers, but even citizens of Cardiff took part in the hunt for spoil when they had the chance, and a wreck on the coast of the Vale of Glamorgan would draw people from miles round to help in the speedy distribution of portable property. There is a characteristic story of one of the outlying parishes which reflects the spirit of those turbulent times.

It was Sunday morning, and the vicar was just half-way through his sermon, when the church door was flung violently open and a voice exclaimed, "A Wreck on the Shore!" Heedless of parson or sermon, every person in the church sprang to their feet, but the vicar, however, waved his hand and called aloud, "Stop! You are not going without a blessing, surely?"

This caused the people to resume their seats as he slowly descended the pulpit steps. He walked down the aisle, and at the doorway turned to the waiting people. "Now," shouted the Vicar, "Let us all start fair," and gathering up his surplice as he ran, went off at the head of the parish to be first on the scene.

So it was that a hundred years ago a wreck on the coast was still known as a "god-send."

The Welsh people have always been famed for funerals, and the old people of Cardiff and district were as fond of a funeral as any of their neighbours. The custom of attending funerals arose from the fact that so many of the old people were related more or less distantly to each other, and if not relations either by blood or by marriage, then they would be friends who knew each other intimately. In the smaller circles of life in the old days there was more time for the courtesies of marriages and funerals.

Of course, the great funerals were those of the old—the patriarchs of the neighbourhood. They had a quaint custom of draping the room in which the dead person lay with white curtains; the bed would be hung with white, and sweet smelling herbs from the garden placed on the counterpane; while wax candles, the best that could be bought, shone all night with a mellow light in the chamber of death. On the morning of the funeral, the mourners arrived either singly or in groups, some on foot and others on horseback, each would be ushered into the presence of the chief mourner, who sat smothered in crape and with hanging head to receive the full honours of consolation. In the parlour special rows of lustre mugs full of hot-spiced wine were solemnly handed round, and huge slices of funeral

cake were solemnly devoured. Warmed with the wine, conversation would become more general, but still with a subdued murmur, as befitted the occasion.

Usually a short service was held in the house, before which the undertaker had, with grave circumspection, handed round black gloves to the mourners: silk or kid for near relatives, and cotton for the more distant members of the family. After which lengths of crape would be cut off a long roll, on the understanding that the nearer the relationship the longer the strip of crape. They had one excellent custom, the bearers in turn carried the coffin to the little churchyard gate, and on the way the friends sang some of the sweet old Welsh hymns which sounded strangely, yet sweetly, on the air as the procession wended its way slowly to the church.

After the burial the crowd usually visited the nearest public-house, for this was a great social re-union. In those days of hard toil and slow travel, relatives had but few opportunities of meeting except at a funeral, and then all the news of the family would be exchanged.

I should have mentioned that on the way the family were marshalled in strict order of precedence. Some intimate friend of the family would undertake the duties of marshal, and no

marshal of Herald's College paid greater attention to the order of precedence at a Royal Function, than this simple farmer over the order of a Glamorgan country funeral. Woe betide the upstart second cousin who endeavoured to push in before a first cousin ; the intruder was gently but firmly put back into his or her proper position.

Those post-funeral conversations, when tongues had been loosened with food and drink, became for a time one great note of interrogation.

"How is your mother, my aunt, up there ?"

"How is William Caebach getting on ?"

"How is the wheat doing with you this year ?"

"Has he remembered you in his will ? Good ! How much did you say ?"

These and a hundred other similar questions would be called across the room, while cake was being cut and ham devoured, cups of tea hastily drained, or a glass of something stronger sipped at the bar next door. Sometimes the mourners kept up the funeral feast till far into the night, and then, in twos and threes, those on foot would wend their ways over the hills towards home. Sometimes an unlucky couple would wander about, lost for hours, till dawn and a clearer head revealed to them the long way home.

Pray do not look upon these people, some of them our grandparents, as low and

common. Their life was hard, their relaxations few, and the joy of company—of mixing with their fellows for an hour or two, free from grinding toil—only came to them on these rare occasions. Small blame to them if they made the best of the time according to their narrower light, for that day would serve as a topic of conversation round the fireside for months afterwards.

One of the many curious customs of the Cardiff district, and which flourished till a few years ago in rural Glamorgan, was the "Cwrw Bach," a strange name which means small beer. This old custom was the means of keeping many an aged widow woman, on the slopes of Pentyrch or in the Ely valley, in peace and comfort. First of all, old Betsy or whatever might be her name, would send a humble request to the Master of the neighbouring Hounds, begging him to fix a Meet of the Hounds outside her cottage on a certain day. And having this permission, which was usually given, the old woman would then go round the farmhouses collecting donations towards her "Cwrw Bach." From one farm she would get malt, from another oatmeal, and perhaps a Caerphilly cheese, or a little tea and sugar. Then in the copper she would brew her malt, in order to have a cask of beer ready for the great day.

Early on the morning of the meet the hunt would arrive outside the cottage, making the valley ring with the echoes of the barking of dogs and the sound of the horn. The Master of the Hounds, one of the neighbouring Squires, would have sent word round that the meet was for the benefit of old Betsy, and the regular followers would be there, with many others to help to swell the field. The first duty was to visit the old dame in her cottage and sample the beer. On the table in the kitchen stood a large plate into which each one added a donation. So after many witty compliments on the brew and the brewer, the horn was sounded, and away down the valley the troop of jolly huntsmen would go, waking the echoes of the quiet hollow.

After this there was an interval, devoted to cleaning up the house, and the best tea service was taken from the corner cupboard ready for the tea drinking in the afternoon. Quite early, on horseback or over the fields, the stout, comely farmers' wives came, all dressed in their best and eager for friendly gossip over the cup of fragrant tea. Once more the plate stood ready in the middle of the table as Betsy made the tea and cut the loaf cake or handed round the teisen. Each guest was expected to leave a sixpence on the plate, and some even put a shilling without

taking any change, and then the talk grew loud and louder. This was the chance for the young fellows of the neighbourhood who were gathering together ready for the evening. A little horse-play and wild humour would suit these dare-devils, so one would go to the field and cut a turf, and then mounting on the roof would place it firmly over the chimney top. Meanwhile others would bring a piece of rope and fasten the door, so that the fluttering matrons within could not get out, but had to endure the smoke till at last with coughing and shouting they would induce the gay boys without to release them.

After tea came the servant men and the maids from farms sometimes miles away. Old Will, the harper, would arrive with his harp. Once more the beer would be on tap and the bottle of rhubarb wine opened. The hours would fly swiftly by in song and dance, till by the light of the moon, the boys and girls slowly turned homeward to the distant farmhouse. Betsy's annual Cwrw Bach had ended, and the old lady, tired but happy, counted up her little store, rejoicing in the thought that she was safe from the poor-house for at least another year.

One of the most interesting reminders of the Roman Catholic past in Nonconformist and strictly

Protestant Glamorgan, is the curious calendar of special days observed by the country people even down to the present time. There is Gwyl Fair (the Feast of Mary), February 2nd. The old people say of this day that each day after Gwyl Fair gains three hours.

The 1st of March is always known as Gwyl Dewi (David's feast day). Michaelmas day is Gwyl Mihangel. All Hallows Eve has a name peculiar to this neighbourhood: Nos cyn gauaf, "the night before winter," also called "Duck Apple Night"; and the shortest day is known as Gwyl Domos (the feast of St. Thomas).

I cannot refrain from giving a sample of the nursery rhymes current in the district. This is one dealing with the quaint adventures of an old character from Caerau, near Ely.

Yr hen Shon Goch o'r Caerau
A aeth i foddi'r gath
Mewn cwd o ganfas newydd,
Nad oedd e' ronyn gwa'th.
Y cwd aeth gyda'r afon,
A'r gath a ddaeth i'r lan;
O'r hen Shon Goch o'r Caerau,
Shwd buost ti mor wan!

which reduced to the English language reads something like this—

The old John Goch of Caerau,
He went to drown the cat
In a new bag of canvas,
By the river side he sat.
The bag went down the river,
The cat crawled to the shore;
O, old John Goch of Caerau,
You look so very sore.

I can't tell you who Red John really was, but to me the most interesting thing about this old ballad is the love of ridicule which is so strong a feature of the old Glamorgan folk. They were no solemn mystic folk, peering into the past, but a happy peasantry, full of native wit and talent, of which we find their modern descendants have a full share. They can still see a joke down Cardiff way, even when the joke is against them; yes, even when it is told by a man from Newport.

CHAPTER XIII

THE OUTER RING.

The outer ring I call those places which lie round about Cardiff, and yet which are too distant to be called suburbs.

Visits to some of these places have been to me very happy pilgrimages. To some I have walked, which after all is the ideal way to go out in search of the picturesque. Give me a good companion, a pair of comfortable boots, and I care not if it rains or snows. Neither heat nor boisterous wind can have any effect upon me for Nature seems to fit in with our moods, and the smell of the first hidden violets on a bleak March day is as pleasant and refreshing as the sweet odour of oak leaves in still October, after they have fallen from the bough.

Beyond Barry, towards the heart of the Vale of Glamorgan, at Beaupré is to be seen the finest example of pure Renaissance sculpture in the whole of South Wales. In fact, of the ancient monuments of Wales I should place Beaupré Gate as first in importance on any list. It was built by a famous Welsh sculptor, Gwilym Tyrch, a native of Coity, by Bridgend, where he worked with his brother in the local quarries. Owing to an unfortunate love affair he left home during the reign of Henry VIII, and after many adventures arrived at Rome. Here in the studio of the great Palladio he worked as a sculptor and became a favourite pupil of this great master of Renaissance architecture. Then, in his ripe manhood, he returned to his native country and

became the first Renaissance builder in Wales. It was for one of the Bassets of Beaupré that he built this gate of three classic stories, and his fame to-day rests mainly on this masterpiece of the sculptor's art.

Away on the borders of Monmouthshire, on the banks of the Rumney River, Inigo Jones, the next great Welshman of the Renaissance, built that charming castle, Rhiwperra. You will note I spell the name in its old form, which has far more meaning than the modern spelling. For the same reason I would prefer to call the river by its old name, the present name, the Rumney River, is quite modern, its old and highly descriptive name in Wales was Afon Eleirch, which in English means the Swans River, from the number of Swans which formerly lived on its waters and nested on its banks.

To see Rhiwperra Castle at its best, you must approach it through the wood above the Draythen. There it suddenly appears through the trees like the background of a scene from the Mabinogion. It stands four square, with a tower at each corner, and by the date over the grand entrance, is the earliest example of Inigo Jones' work in Wales. In the old days the Castle had a fine entrance gate, traces of the foundations of which can still be seen in the turf on the lawn

in front. The local tradition is that Inigo Jones took his model from the ruins of old Caerphilly Castle, which stands in the valley over the hills from Rhiwperra.

The exterior of the Castle is very fine, but the interior is sadly altered. The building suffered from a great fire about 1790, which completely gutted it, and the new interior was built in the style of that period, which is a debased type of the classic decoration of the Brothers Adam.

Rhiwperra did not always belong to the Morgans of Tredegar, but was purchased by one John Morgan, of London, who was known as "Merchant Morgan," as a residence for the heir of Tredegar.

There is a strange story told in connection with Rhiwperra, of the death of the youngest sister of Merchant Morgan. She died suddenly at the age of seventeen, and with great lamentation her body was taken for burial to the family vault in old Machen Church.

But when the funeral party reached the Rumney River they found it in high flood, and the coffin was taken back to Rhiwperra and placed in the great hall to await burial the next day

when the waters would have subsided. Whilst the mourners were at dinner that evening a frightened servant burst into the room with the strange story that knocking and moaning could be heard in the hall coming from the coffin. Hastily the coffin was opened, and the poor girl, now recovered from her trance, was lifted out, and in a few days was as well as ever she had been. She lived to bury all her mourners, and her portrait, painted when she was over ninety, still hangs at Tredegar House, with a tablet below which tells the story of her remarkable adventure.

On the western slope above the Rumney, backed by groves of trees, stands Cefn Mably, one of the most stately of the old homes on the Welsh Border. Tradition associates Mabel Fitzhamon with the earlier history of the place, and claims that the name Cefn Mably really means Mabel's Ridge.

Personally, I do not feel inclined to argue against the truth of this tradition, but if Mabel did live here she showed that she had a keen eye for a pleasant spot. The house, as seen from the Michaelstone Road, with its picturesque disorder of many gables and different levels, shows a blending of many periods. And, just as an old church, with its happy mingling of styles of

building appeals forcibly to the imagination, so, too, this old home of mailed warriors, dashing cavaliers, and staunch Jacobite squires, tells in its clustering gables and chimney stacks the story of its long and honourable history. To me an old house is as eloquent as an old portrait by a great master, for it somehow reflects the spirit of its former owners.

From whence came this family of Kemeys? Some have called them Normans, and have made their original name to be De Camois. But from the moment they appear in Welsh history, they are Welshmen to the core; valiant leaders in many a forlorn hope. They were originally settled at Kemeys, in the valley of the Usk, just above Caerleon, but the branch which settled first at Began, and then removed to the neighbouring ridge of Cefn Mably, has always comprised the leading members of the family.

The drive through the park, under the chestnut avenue, gives many distant peeps of rural Glamorgan. Then the road winds steeply through the trees on the ridge, and a turn to the left brings us to the house. It has a long front facing towards the Severn sea, extending from the chapel, past the Tudor wing to the end buildings, which date from the reign of Queen Anne.

Here is the wide open door, under a Doric porchway crowned by a set of three old lead vases. The empty rooms seem to echo to the tread. The dining-room, which is in the form of the letter T, with three fire-places, is beautifully panelled in oak, carried out in that broad style which belongs to the close of the seventeenth and the dawn of the eighteenth century. The main fire-place has a fine cast fireback, with the arms of the house and the Kemeys motto "Duw, dy ras," which in English reads "God, thy grace." Also cut in the marble of the drawing-room mantelpiece is another very excellent Welsh motto "Tan da, porth glan, a lodes lawen." This is an old Glamorgan triad on the three things which make for comfort, and would in English run thus: "Good fire, clean floor, and a merry lass."

A short flight of stairs leads up to the soldiers' gallery, with its famous long oak refectory table extending fully 52ft., and occupying the whole length of the gallery, and is claimed to be the longest table in the country. In the same gallery there is another curious table of oak standing on its own platform, a relic of the days when rushes and straw were the only floor covering. At the end of the soldiers' gallery is a little dark room with a small window looking into the room. This is described as the punishment room, the

soldiers for petty offences being confined in this room to watch their comrades eat—a grim punishment. Above the soldiers' gallery is another long narrow room, beautifully panelled in oak, called the dancing gallery, and at the sight of its long shining oak floor the mind goes back to the days when Sir Charles Kemeys of Cefn Mably was one of the three best dancers in Wales. There is an old Welsh song which tells of his fame :

Tri dawnsiwr goreu'n Nghymru,
Syr Charles o' Gefn Mably,
Scweir Lewys wych o'r Fan,
A Syr John Carn o' Wenni, Ho, ho!

The three best dancers in Wales,
Sir Charles of Cefn Mably,
Squire Lewis of the Van
And Sir John Carne of Ewenny, Ho, ho!

But to-day the only tripping on the floor is when the elderly caretaker goes down the room to open the door of the bishop's bedroom. It is a queer place for a bedroom, though quite cosy, and the bishop was able to watch the dancers go gliding past his bedroom by raising a little grilled hatch in the door.

Down below is the chapel, which has a fine stained glass window at the end, and a quaint Georgian Pulpit with a lower storey below, from which the clerk called loudly his amens.

Nor must I forget to mention one grim relic of the days when each lord was a law unto himself, for upstairs, at the head of a stairway, is the gallows, with a deep drop, down which the curious may peep, and see by a faint light below how deep it is. It certainly gives one a shuddering revolt against those so-called good old days, and makes one feel it is far better to be here now in this toiling twentieth century, for after all it is a good time we are living in. Down below in the dining-room there are secret hiding-places in the wall by the window, and, by peering down may be seen the hidden way by which, perhaps, some unfortunate Jacobite has in the old days escaped from the house.

For the Kemeys of Cefn Mably were ardent supporters of the Stuart Kings. Sir Charles, the merry dancer, held Pembroke Castle for King Charles the First, and when in 1648 the grim determination of Oliver Cromwell compelled him to surrender, he had to pay a fine of £3,500 and was exiled for two years. His brother, Sir Nicholas, was killed defending the Castle of Chepstow. His grandson, another Sir Charles, was an exile when William of Orange came in, and he, declining to recognise the Dutchman, lived at the Court of Hanover and made friends with the Elector George, with whom he would smoke and

chat of English politics. But there came a day when the Elector George was chosen by the Parliament of England to be King. Then Sir Charles Kemeys came back to the seclusion of Cefn Mably, but though King George sent an urgent message inviting his old friend to come to Court and smoke a pipe with him, Sir Charles declined, saying he was quite ready to come and smoke a pipe with the Elector of Hanover, but not with one who called himself the King of England.

Yet to this Sir Charles belonged the task of re-building and extending Cefn Mably, which to-day stands practically as he finished it. From the green lawn on the top terrace the view of the Bristol Channel, over the green groves of Druidstone is fair to look upon; while away to the right, a constant stream of smoke rising in the clear air denotes the position of the City of Cardiff.

The way back, along the edge of the old deer park, calls to mind an old story I once heard of Sir Nicholas Kemeys, the strongest man of his day. A certain notorious poacher went to the deer park one night with his donkey, thinking to kill a fat buck which he would take to Cardiff and sell for a good price. But by ill-fortune Sir Nicholas caught the poacher red-handed, and seizing him by the belt he lifted him up and threw

him over the park palings. The unfortunate poacher when he recovered his breath, called loudly, "Sir Nicholas, please let me have my donkey, and I'll never come here again as long as I live."

Sir Nicholas Kemeys seized the donkey in the same way, and hurled the poor beast, kicking and struggling, over the palings to join his master.

By pleasant byeways, past Rhiwperra Castle and the sheltered village of Draythen, there are charming prospects of the hill ranges of Machen and Risca. After such a visit it is possible to dream of the shining floor of the dancing gallery at Cefn Mably, and hear the swish of silken skirts and tapping of dancing feet and, perhaps, may catch the strains of the harp and fiddle playing "Sir Charles' Delight," and if you are lucky you may even catch a glimpse of that old bishop, peeping benignly through the little grilled hatch in his door.

On the side of Pentyrch Mountain, looking out over the wide Vale of Glamorgan, there is another house which certainly deserves to be mentioned, though it can claim no hoary antiquity. It is Graig-y-Parc, the home of Mr. Thomas Evans. I think future generations will look upon this house as the best example of early 20th century

building. It is finely sheltered, with an Italian front with the gardens falling away below in terraces. It makes a fine landmark, for you can see the house from far away across the Vale, with the dark woods framing it on either side.

And there are many other places, all worthy of record which can be found in the pleasant bye-ways of Glamorgan, where, in some sheltered hollow, you may light unexpectedly on an old parish church, a tiny village, and, near by, the great house of the village. The City constantly grows out towards these remote places, which may soon lose their character and quaintness. So to-day's record of them may read very strangely in but a few short years.

CHAPTER XIV

SUBURBAN CARDIFF.

Though the City of Cardiff seems to fill the wide valley of the Taff, there are beauty spots within a mile of the heart of the City which makes one quite forget the noise and bustle of commerce. Penarth will perhaps rank first, built as it is on the cliff over-looking the entrance to the harbour. Here are long roads, splendidly built, with rows

of green trees forming pleasant avenues, while on either side pretty villas, each set in a fair flower garden, give to the place the air and style of a garden city. The road goes steeply down to the beach, where a modern pier juts out into the Severn Sea. On a summer evening from the gardens above, you can look out over the water and see in the glow of the sunset the two islands, the Holmes, lying out in the smooth water; and away beyond, as evening deepens, the twinkling lights of Weston-super-Mare come out one by one till the town across the water forms a crescent of lights set between two high hills which shelter the place.

On the road from Penarth to Cardiff is a little place called Cogan. There was once a fine old mansion here belonging to the all powerful Herberts, who, by their close relationship to the Lord of Cardiff, were deemed a family of high importance. It was one of these same Herberts who had the misfortune to kill one of his neighbours during an unfriendly discussion, and the matter came up soon afterwards in the Star Chamber. But though he was summoned to appear he sent a message regretting that owing to ill health he was unable to make the journey, and so the matter was closed up. From Cogan a footpath leads to Llandough, one of the beauty spots of

Glamorgan. But though it is only a tiny hamlet up above the busy Penarth Road, there is an old grey church with a cluster of trees sheltering it, and in the graveyard is to be seen one of those early Celtic Crosses with curious interlaced decoration. By the church is an old mansion hidden in the trees, and up the lane are a few cottages and farmhouses scattered in that haphazard way which makes up so much of the beauty of our British landscape. Then the roadway winds on through woods till it sweeps down the hill at Leckwith to the river bridge below, and a flat road over Leckwith Common leads back into Cardiff. There is an old-world house in a garden above the bridge, built years ago by one of the townsmen as a quiet retreat, and here the birds seem to sing all day, even in the heart of winter the robin pipes out his bold challenge from the hedgerows, and the starlings on the roof play their castinets and flutter about in the wintry sunshine.

There is a path through the woods beyond Ely, leading towards St. Fagans, which is dear to the hearts of most of the young folk of Cardiff. There is a rich smell of oak leaves and moss in winter time, and in the spring the wood is one blaze of delicate blue from the bluebells, which fill the wood with colour and a sweet perfume.

At the end of the path is the rumbling old Water Mill of St. Fagans, and crossing the bridge over the little river you find yourself in a real pantomime village, with straw-thatched houses clustering under a grey old battlemented wall, above which stands out the pointed gables and chimney stacks of St. Fagans Castle.

At the top of the village by the church you can peep through an old iron gateway, and see the charming old Tudor House standing in a setting of green lawns.

The way back to Cardiff is by Fairwater, one of those charming names which prepare you for a little sleepy hollow, where houses peep out from the rural beauties of well trimmed hedges, and a little quiet stream flows down to the Ely River.

There is an old house near here which has a curious legend attached to it. It is one of those country tales of a hundred years ago, and tells how a young man inherited the place from an old uncle who was believed to be wealthy, but when the heir came to examine his uncle's effects he could find no trace of the fortune. After searching high and low, the heir gave up in despair, and decided to let the house, which he

could not afford to live in. The place however had been neglected so that it was necessary to get workmen in to put the house in order before the tenant took it over. One day the unfortunate owner came over to see how the workmen were getting on, and the foreman took him down into the cellar to show him a curious door at the end which they had come across. The owner at once told the man to break it open. They found it was a small wine cellar with shelves round, on which, says the story, there were bags of money neatly arranged. No one ever knew how much they found, but the owner shortly afterwards bought a fine house in the South of England and went there to live, while the lucky foreman was supposed never to have done a stroke of work from that day, but lived on a pension which had suddenly come to him.

The name of the place Glan Ely is certainly a lucky name, for it was chosen as the title when Sir William Tatem was raised to the peerage, and every follower of racing assures me that Lord Glanely has the luck of Glan Ely, by which I suppose is meant the luck of a hard-working, far-seeing man, who manages to win because he prepares for it, and the man in the street calls this sheer luck.

To see Cardiff at its best, set me on the top of Tumble Down Dick where from the summit as from a crow's nest, you can see the City filling the valley down below. Out from clumps of trees a spire or a cluster of gables rise, while beyond the trailing smoke from the Docks rises as incense offered on the altar of progress. It is good to be here at any season, but I prefer the winter time, when the road is hard and rings clear under foot, when the pungent smoke from wood fires is wafted down the road, and it smells sweet and healthy. It is good to be on the open road, with the clear sky o'er head, and, as we near the confines of the City the keen appetite created by the walk brings thoughts of tea and toast by the fireside, with the added charm of good company. The mention of tea and toast brings in its train memories of many a cosy meal in farm house parlours in wayside villages round Cardiff. They have special dishes which are quite unknown to the stranger Englishmen. There are round cakes, made on the bakestone, called teisen fach, and there are others in praise of which I must say a word at least. First there is teisen afalau (apple cake) which is eaten piping hot from the bakestone, and rounded off with a lump of real fresh butter. And then there is teisen lap, a kind of moist cake decorated with currants or raisins. But there are other real Welsh dishes;

for a breakfast dish, commend me to toasted cheese and bacon, both cooked in front of the fire, and, for a change, that despised delicacy, laver bread with its flavour of fried oysters. A cake of this, well sprinkled with Welsh oatmeal, is a real native dish, which the Saxon has hitherto despised, but once let the intruder acquire a taste for Swansea Bay Laver Bread, and he automatically ceases to be a stranger in Wales, for he may well be called at least half a Welshman.

There are stretches of country round Radyr and Pentyrch which will well repay the wandering steps of the pilgrim: windy headlands, dark pine woods, bouquets of evergreens clustering round cottages, where the hum of bees round the hives fills the air with a soothing murmur. This was of old the land of the Buttons, and the family of Mathews, who, in their rival feuds, fought against each other, or ranged themselves side by side when they rode down to the City of Llandaff to stir up the Lewis family, who were lords of the little City on the Taff. The river is still a sylvan stream in the valley below in spite of a hundred collieries and ironworks higher up, for these only give a deeper tinge to the waters which flow quickly by towards Cardiff. Beyond the river is Whitchurch, the land of villadom, the outworks of the City close

by, but Whitchurch will be always famed as the original home of that stout family of Williams, one of whom migrated to the Eastern Counties and took the English name of Cromwell, and from this stock came the farmer-soldier, the greatest of Puritan warriors. Some say he owed his pugnacious fighting spirit to his Welsh blood.

Behind Whitchurch are the flat lands of the Heath, with Llanishen beyond, crowding at the foot of the hillside which is crowned by Lisvane, the fairest of Cardiff's distant suburbs. From the heights of Lisvane you have the first glimpse of the Rumney Valley, with the groves of Cefn Mably and the more distant hanging woods around Rhiwperra Castle. An easy walk leads down the lanes to Penylan Hill, from which you look down on the pleasure boats on Roath Lake, and the flower beds below. Behind the Roath Park, which is the great pleasure ground of the City, rise rows of well-built villas which give an air of prosperity and comfort to the general outlook. So the outer boundaries have now been beaten, by straggling lanes full of harts tongue ferns and honeysuckle, over rough ways by fields which all still have their old Welsh names, but always in sight of the tall spires and reeking smoke of the City. Another century may find the growing City filling all these waste places. When that day

dawns, Cardiff will be a greater and more beautiful City.

I have described the outer suburbs, but have left the description of the nearer suburbs till last.

That straggling district of Canton, extending out towards Ely, has always had an importance as being on the high road into South Wales. It seems almost a town of itself, with its Police Station, Free Library, and other borough enrichments. Many famous men have passed this way, but somehow I lose sight of them all, and only note a poor actor trudging along with his tights and sword tied in a bundle under his arm, and leaning on his other, a frail little woman, his wife, soon to be a mother. It was thus that Edmund Kean, the great actor, walked through Cardiff and out this way, ragged and starving; going from Newport to Swansea to fulfil an engagement as first villain at the Swansea Theatre. If he had not met with kind folk at Cowbridge, I fear that Edmund Kean and his poor little wife would have both died on the roadside, and the British stage would have lost one of its greatest actors.

Adamsdown leads from Bute Street by way of Bute Terrace. Its features of beauty are

nil, its interest small, yet it was once a quiet rural retreat where the Adamsdown Academy educated the young gentlemen of Cardiff in the three R's and deportment. To-day its chief place of interest is the jail, a large enclosure within a grim, high stone wall. I remember passing by there early one morning, years ago, and seeing a crowd of slatternly women and men hanging about outside the entrance to the jail. It was a grey, cold morning. A bell inside was tolling with a dull, steady note. Then a wisp of black flag ran up the tall flag-staff and fluttered in the keen wind, upon which the crowd dispersed to breakfast, having seen all that the law now allows of the hanging of a murderer.

The Moors lie somewhat beyond Adamsdown to the North of the Bute Docks, a busy district of works, noise and bustle. This was of old the Moors of Roath, a great place for wild duck and geese shooting, but such sports have been long forgotten, only some ancient may occasionally be met with who remembers those old days, when deep reens divided the fields on the moors, and the hardy spirits of Cardiff went out there for a day's shooting.

Between Cardiff Docks and the Penarth Road lies another straggling suburb of red brick houses, in low rows, all built on the dead flat of a reclaimed

marsh. I am told that a hundred years ago a daring speculator could have bought up the whole stretch of marshland for a mere song, but now it must bring in a rich income to the lucky owner of the lands known as Grangetown.

Then there is another district adjoining Cathays Park, called Cathays. There is nothing of far Cathay, with its fabled wealth, about this quarter, unless it is the sign of the Chinese laundry, for it is a real working class district ; by which I mean a district built without much plan or beauty, more for utility than art ; but it might have been better planned in parts without this dreary sameness of outlook. It makes one think that our new town planning schemes will be able to avoid the errors of the past, and so we may look forward to the new working class suburbs as something worthy of the great City and of the future race of citizens.

Friends and rivals alike look to Cardiff to take the lead in making the lives of its citizens brighter, and of greater use to the coming age. So may the New Year bring in a larger life and a greater future for the capital of Wales.

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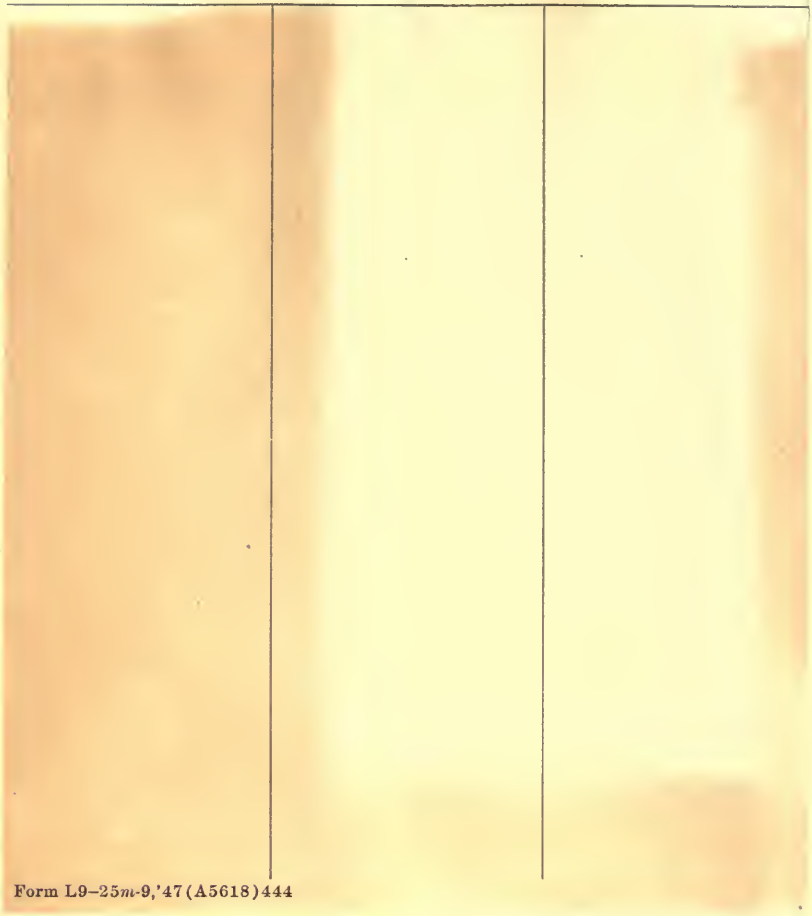

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